

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## ADIE, THE ORPHAN;

OR,

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

### CHAPTER I.—THE HOUSE IN NEVIL'S COURT.

In one of the courts in the vicinity of Eversley Minster, there lived many years ago an engraver, Nicholas Drew by name. He was a quiet, inoffensive old man of retired habits, who minded his own business, and was charitable according to his means. He occupied the whole of the second floor of the house, to which he ascended, not by the common stairway, but by a flight of rude wooden steps, which he had himself constructed beneath the centre window of the room where he worked at his craft.

The curious in such matters said that Nicholas Drew's etchings were unique; but the probability is, that they brought him small gain; for though individuals were well inclined to turn over the contents of his folios, they were less disposed to pay the high prices which the old man set upon his works. He lived alone, and seemingly quite contented with his lot; but it was a tantalising mystery to the people of the court how he used the six rooms he rented; and though his appearance was that of mesgre, nay, of sordid poverty, the gossips presently concluded that he possessed a fabulous amount of wealth, hidden away in the locked chambers. Close on this rumor followed another, which, a couple of centuries before, would have consigned him speedily to either stake or gibbet; but which now drew on him nothing more terrible than the ill-concealed dislike of his neighbors, and the jeers of little children, who would have quivered to their shoe-ties if he had but turned and scowled at them.

It must be allowed that Nicholas did not carry a good introduction in his face; it was a stern, grim, unkindly countenance, not unlike the corbel-heads by the gateway of the court. His sharp gray eyes peered anxiously from beneath frowning grizzled brows, a dishevelled beard lay outspread upon his breast, and lank rusty hair curled down upon his collar; he had a restless choleric nostril, a high, full, bald forehead—the one commendable point of his physiognomy—a small



JOB PARKES PROTECTING OLD NICHOLAS FROM THE ASSAULTS OF THE BOYS.



OLD NICHOLAS DREW THE ENGRAVER, AND ADIE IN THE ARTIST.

nervous figure, and a rapid gait. When he went abroad his worn, patched clothing was always concealed beneath a dusky tartan-cloak. He generally chose wet days or twilight for his excursions; and under the cloak was his portfolio, with a corner sticking out before and behind. His head was invariably covered with a wide-flapped felt hat, which served partially the purpose of an umbrella, and hid all but the lower part of his face with its patriarchal appendage. In his right hand was gripped a stout stick, the very sight of which was protection enough against the little mocking urchins in the street, who, with precocious bravado and pitiful cowardice, would sling a stone after him when he was quite out of reach, and almost out of sight. If not pressed for time, poor Nicholas would sometimes watch for the temporary absence of his small enemies, that he might evade their attacks; for, if truth must be told, there was a heart under the old tartan that shrank from this universal hatred, and not seldom a hot salt moisture under the pent-house brow also. Some respectable people, passing the old man in the street, would vouchsafe him a nod, which he eagerly returned; he would have been glad to speak to them, but the opportunity was not given him; so the poor engraver plodded on his silent and cheerless way, secretly musing what kept everybody aloof from him, whilst he longed more and more each day of his life for friends and companionship. The fact was, he was clever, poor and needy—not a desirable acquaintance, in short.

One snowy New Year's Eve Nicholas crept forth in the darkness, with his portfolio under his arm, to pay a visit to a printseller in the Barbican, who had half promised to buy an etching of the Chapter-House interior, which the engraver had just finished. The wind was very high, and the blinding snow-flakes drove full into the old man's face as he turned his back on the Minster, and went down into Friargate; but less chilled than ordinary—perhaps because he had escaped his tormentors—and glowing moreover with a hope of ultimate appreciation, he bore it indifferently, and strode through the crusting snow with quite a light foot and almost a light heart.

It is an impossibility to crush the elasticity out of some natures. Nine men out of every ten would have collapsed utterly and miserably under a tithe of the disappointments that Nicholas Drew had borne cheerfully, supported by a very moderate daily portion of coarse bread and the love of his art.

It did not take the old man quite half an hour to reach his destination; but the printseller's shop was already closed. Nicholas knocked at the door for some ten minutes in vain; but at last a surly-voiced lad appeared, and said his master had some guests, and would not be disturbed.

"Then I'll come to-morrow morning," suggested the engraver.

"I don't think you need, for I heard master say he had changed his mind; your pictures are so dear," responded the youth; and with that he shut the door in the old man's face.

"Well, God is good," gasped poor Nicholas, turning off the step after lingering a few seconds: "God is good. I might suspect that He had forgotten Nevil's Court; but I know He has not; His time has not come yet, that's all. I wonder when it will!"

A woman came up, and begged of him; he tried to evade her, but she followed him closely.

"Master, for the love of Heaven—for the love of the mother that



bore you—" Her voice was hoarse and feeble; he soon outwalked her; but the echo of her words, "for the love of the mother that bore you," pursued him like a wailing prayer. He turned back, and found her standing on the Barbican bridge, gazing down into the blackness.

"Come away; what are you thinking about!" he asked, harshly; for his voice was toned to match his grim face.

"I can't tell; drowning, maybe. It is an easy death, they say," was the whispered response.

"Nothing of the sort; it is dreadful. When anything tells you that, shut your ears; it is damnation to hearken."

"Nay, master, but that is hard; as well die at once as die by inches. Who condemns me to live, and gives me no means?"

"You must wait till your hour comes; it is, maybe, deferred that you may repent. You are not to lift the latch of life yourself, and steal away from your sorrows like a thief."

"I am not a thief, master."

"No; you only thought of becoming a murderer."

"It is easy to talk, master; but it is not easy to pine day after day, and to slink about ashamed and ragged in the streets at night; it is not easy to see people eye one suspiciously, and get out of one's way as if they were afraid to defile their clothes with touching mine in passing—that's not easy, master."

"Why, the very children spit at me! Little things that can hardly go alone raise a shrill cry as soon as I come in sight. Don't think you have got all the rough bits of life to yourself." They had come to the corner of the market-place, walking as they talked. "Don't go down Barbican again to-night, 'for the love of the mother who bore you.'" He put a shilling into her hand, the last he had, and pattered away homewards, hearing her earnest "God bless you, master!" echoed in the swirl of every gust that came cuttingly through the thick snow against his cheek as he scurried along. All the bells in the city were alive, clanging and clattering in every direction. Nicholas fancied the noise made the night warmer; but the fact was, that his keen edge of disappointment about the etching was blunted by that little exercise of human charity, and the blessing he had earned; his heart was warmer within.

The exhilarated feeling did not go down until he came within scent of a provision-shop. Poor old fellow! It is sad that genius, if it has not wherewith to eat, must hunger like coarser clay. Nicholas had indulged a mundane vision of supper in going to the printer's, which was now out of his reach completely: it is even possible that his eyes were not quite clear as the savory gust waft against his nostrils, and reminded him of his failure in the Barbican; but he clutched his portfolio very tight, and crossed the street, trying to forget the gnawing emptiness under the tartan in a dream of future well-deserved reputation, some day to be his.

The wind and the snow and the bells together had got up a famous whirl in the Minster Yard, and came tearing down College Lane in a perfectly reckless way as Nicholas turned into it. It was all he could do to hold fast the cloak and folio, the stick and hat, as he crept under the projecting houses up to Nevil's Court; and there, having gained the partial shelter of the gateway, he paused to ascertain that he really had not lost any of his adjuncts, and to shake the snow from his garments before climbing his staircase. He had reared the portfolio in a niche, long since despoiled of its tenant, and was quietly taking off his cloak, when a sound close at his heels made him jump aside almost as if he were bitten. Could one of his little persecutors have lain in wait for him, in such weather?—O, the depths of juvenile malice!—yet it seemed scarcely possible. However, in his alarm Nicholas darted across the court, and feeling his way up the steps, unlocked his window-door, and entered the room in all haste to escape from the shrill taunt and laugh which he so dreaded. "It is too bad," said he aloud, dropping his hat and cloak on the floor—"it is too bad: I don't know what it means. I never hurt anybody in all my life that I know of. Poor old Nicholas! you're a sad, miserable, despised old pauper. No, you're not either; you're not sad, you're not miserable by any means, and don't say so, for it is not true; you know it is not, and it is wrong in you to mention it." He always talked to himself as to a second person; if he had not done so, his tongue would have stiffened with disuse.

Breaking up the block of coal which he had left smouldering in the grate, the room was filled suddenly with a dancing radiance; Nicholas chafed his withered hands in the glow, and as the snow on his beard began to melt in the heat, he shook the white flakes off, and said more cheerily: "Well, this is pleasant; I wonder if that poor soul in the Barbican has got to warm himself at a fire. What business have you to complain with such a shelter to come to, eh, Nicholas Drew? Now let us look at our work." He strode across to shut the door, which he had left ajar, and then with a groan remembered that he had left the portfolio in the niche.

"What is to be done; has that little mongrel gone to bed yet?" He advanced his head outside to listen, and hearing nothing but the heavy sweep of the laden wind, he cautiously descended and reached the gateway, grasped the case, and was returning, when a child's sob startled him again.

"Why don't you go home to your mummy, little one?" he asked, with what gentleness he could, stooping over a dark bundle crouched against the wall. He got no answer but a kind of hysterical cry, and the figure shrank away from him further into the shadow. "You must not stop here all night; you may get frozen to death. Tell me where you live, and I'll carry you home." He meant it; here was one of his foes in trouble, and his anger was quite gone. To this offer was returned a series of shrieking sobs very pitiful to hear; but the child would not suffer itself to be removed.

"What must I do?" said Nicholas, almost as much distressed as the stray child at his feet. After a moment's consideration, he determined to knock at the door of a woman who was a shade less unkind to him than the rest in the court, and to ask her advice. There was so much noise of talking within, and such a clangor of bells without, that it was some minutes before he could make himself heard. At length the door was opened, churlishly enough, by the woman of the place, who, directly she saw Nicholas, said, "Are you wanting a light again, Master Drew? other folk can keep their fires in, if they have to leave them for an hour or two."

"It is not a light I want; but here is some poor body's child lying under the gateway crying. Come and see if you know whose it is."

"Bless me! a bairn out at this time, and on such a night; it is lost, maybe." And snatching a candle from the table, round which sat a party of extremely merry guests, she scudded across the court, unmindful of the snow falling on her best cap. The little creature lifted up her face at the sound of a woman's voice. "Heart alive, why it is the forrin' wood-carver's bairn!" cried Mrs. Parkes. "Job, come out here. What's come of Louis Duclos, that Adie's left here?" The husband appeared at the summons, looking rather hazy and incapable, and desiring to know what it was all about; to which his spouse contemptuously bade him go back to his chimney-corner for a blind owl that could not see an inch beyond his nose; an order which he obeyed with commendable alacrity.

"You've a good fire in your room, I see, Master Drew; with your leave I'll carry Adie up there. Come, my bonnie bairn, come to me; I'll take care of you," said Mrs. Parkes in a coaxing motherly way, which had due influence over the child; who now, sobbing violently, allowed herself to be lifted from the ground and taken to the engraver's room. Nicholas had dropped the portfolio in his excitement, and it was not likely he should recollect to pick it up now. He followed Mrs. Parkes with the extinguished candle, and plunging into the room after her, stirred up the blaze again till every knob of the carved mantel and every panel twinkled in the glow.

"Here's a New Year's gift for you, Master Drew! I doubt some mischance has befallen the bairn's father, for Louis is not the man to let her be straying about alone of nights," said Mrs. Parkes, rubbing the child's benumbed limbs with rough yet kindly hands.

"If anything has happened, I will keep the little lass myself," replied Nicholas.

"Hush now! she's quietened a bit; she'll speak enow. Adie, bairn, where's father? don't you know?"

The small, eerie-looking creature turned a pair of great dark wistful eyes on her face, and said, with a shrill, gasping cry, "O, he's dead! he's dead!" and fell weeping again as passionately as before.

It was useless to question the child any further then, for she was utterly incapable of answering; and after vainly endeavoring to elicit something further, Mrs. Parkes gave her some bread steeped in milk, which she ate with avidity, and then laid her to sleep on a rude settee, where she presently sank into an exhausted torpor.

"I wonder whether what Adie says can be true?" observed Mrs. Parkes, reflectively. "She's not like other bairns, you see; she has

strange flights and fancies for one so young; yet she can't have fancied that. You stop by her, Master Drew, while I go and ask them below if they know where Louis has been working yesterday and to-day. He was at the Minster last week; I saw him go out this noon, and at tea-time Adie went off to meet him, as she always does; then our folks came in, and we hadn't opened the door after till you knocked. His place is all dark: see."

They were standing in the doorway; the wood-carver's room was on the ground floor, in an angle of the court opposite. Mrs. Parkes now cautiously descended the steps; while Nicholas turned back into the room, wishing that the noisy bells would cease for once. He came and looked at the sleeping child very earnestly, making a silent vow to keep her and cherish her as his own, if what she had said should prove correct. It was a pretty mobile face on which he gazed, delicate in feature and dusk in complexion, as if the mellow warmth of a southern sun glowed through the tender skin. She was not like an English child at all; the ripe hue of her lips, the high arch of her brows, and the black gloss of her damp loose hair, were all more or less indicative of foreign blood.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or rather more, Mrs. Parkes returned, accompanied by an elderly man, whom Nicholas recognised as a foreigner, and the frequent companion of Louis Duclos. "The bairn was right; he is dead; mashed a-piece almost," whispered the woman, looking with pitying awe at the little orphan.

"How was it?" asked the engraver, working his fingers nervously, and moving nearer to the settee on which Adie lay, as if to protect her.

"He was working at a house in the Barbican, and fell off a scaffolding; they took him to the hospital with the bairn following; but before they could get him there he died, poor fellow! When Adie heard them say so, she took off like mad; you may think them that was with him would be so hurried they'd scarce heed her, expecting she would come to some of us where he live. She meant to get in home all to herself, I fancy, and couldn't, for she'd lost the key. Mr. St. Barbe found it as he came to see after her, lying a few steps down College Lane, under the houses where the snow hadn't drifted: she must have dropped it. You'll take it, Master Drew."

Nicholas took the key, and begged Mrs. Parkes and St. Barbe to be seated. The Frenchman politely and gravely complied; but the good woman excused herself, saying that Job was growing cross at her staying away so long; and as he was not in a state to hear reason, she must go, but would come early in the morning to attend to Adie's wants.

The two men being left alone together with the unconscious child, exchanged first a few mutually puzzling compliments, and then sat silent; for St. Barbe had little English, and Nicholas no French. At last the engraver, with exquisite simplicity, thought he should simplify their difficulty by speaking his own tongue almost unintelligibly—as the Frenchman spoke it, indeed. He began: "Sare, I wish keep Adie." St. Barbe nodded two or three times emphatically. "I be father to her, friend, every ting," added Nicholas, raising his voice, extending his arms, and embracing the air. "What say you, sare?"

"Bien, good, ver well!" responded St. Barbe, with a long series of gesticulatory movements expressive of satisfaction.

The affair being thus arranged to meet the views of both, the silence was resumed. Nicholas fidgeted about on his chair, feeling that on this night at least he ought to offer hospitality, to drink success to the new year, and a peaceful departure to the old. But what had he, poor fellow, in the corner-cupboard that was hisarder but part of a brown loaf and a pitcher of water?—not gala-fare certainly. All at once, while considering how he should supply his lack of good cheer, the Minster bells stopped, and the clock struck midnight. The two men shook hands immediately, and wished each other many good wishes; the Frenchman diffused himself into a long complimentary relating to Nicholas's evangelical charity and title to prompt canonisation, which would have rejoiced the old engraver's heart if he could have understood it. He then said he must return to his wife and children, who waited him with a little gathering of friends; but before departing, he looked at Adie for a minute, touched her little hand with his gray moustache, murmured over her a few words, which Nicholas thought sounded like a benediction, and finally bowed himself backwards out of the room, almost losing his balance at the top of the steps by feeling for a handrail that did not exist. Nicholas shut the door after him, and replenished the sinking fire; he then drew near to Adie, and exulted over his New Year's gift, forgetting for the moment how he had come by it.

"What a wee birdie it is; what a tender wee nestling!" said he softly. He could scarcely forbear snatching her up and pressing her to his beating heart there and then; he would have done it but for fear of waking her. He said a great many things besides, very affectionate and very touching, from that stern disappointed heart of his, before he could leave her to sleep unwatched; and when drowsiness at last overcame him, it was with the greatest reluctance he crept to his bed. More than once before the frosty January dawn broke on the window-panes he came rustling to the settee in his tartan-cloak, like a comic ghost with a beard, driven about by anxiety of mind. At each visit he lingered a few minutes, and then scudded back with wonderful agility, lest she should awake, and, seeing him, should be frightened.

Poor old Nicholas Drew's heart was singing a new song the whole of that live-long night, though he went supperless to bed.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE NEW CARE AND NEW PLEASURE.

WITH daylight came Mrs. Parkes, carrying Nicholas's portfolio, all drenched with melted snow.

"There, Master Drew, thank me for that," cried she, throwing it down on the table; "the bairns were just going to rive it open when I stopped 'em. Maybe the things inside will be no worse."

"O dear, O dear, they are all spoiled; what a pity!" groaned the old man. He looked at the case diametrically for a few minutes, then brightened suddenly as he turned to the fire, by which sat Adie in a huge leather-chair, with her tiny feet on a block of wood, and a basin of milk in her lap.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Parkes in great bewilderment, "you are good friends already, I see!"

"Yes, we are," responded Nicholas, cheerfully. "I don't know how it came about, I'm sure; do you, Adie?"

"I never called names after you, or threw stones," said the child, timidly.

"Bless its bonnie face, that it didn't!" gasped Mrs. Parkes, melting. "You are a good bairn, Adie; you'll never be rude to Master Drew, will you?"

"Father said it was cruel, and I must not. O father, come back, do come back!" She would have flung herself to the ground in a wild paroxysm of crying, had not the woman caught her, and, gently rocking her in her arms, succeeded in soothing her again.

"There, there, hush, my bairn, be quiet!" said she; and then added, "Now, Master Drew, I'll stay with Adie, if you'll go and see Mr. St. Barbe about the funeral. Let it be decent, though maybe poor Louis has left nothing. And buy a bit of black stuff to make her a frock; I'll sew it."

Nicholas went to the great press, and took thence a little bag; this was a pretence, for he remembered ruefully that it contained only a few copper coins: he was quite puzzled how to meet this sudden demand on his scant resources. He staid pottering so long, that Mrs. Parkes, who shared the popular faith in his hidden wealth, began to think hardly of him, and to say to herself that he was but a grudging churl after all. She soon hit on an expedient for hastening him, and at the same time rebuking him for his supposed covetousness.

"Master Drew," said she significantly, "I'd advise you to sell them black pictures of yours for as many shillings as you've asked pounds; then folks will buy them, for they're real beautiful, and you'll have something to give this bairn more than you seem to have got now."

Nicholas grasped at the suggestion eagerly; the value of his works would be the same whatever he took for them. "They'll be too common if I sell them cheap to the printers; but I'll carry a set, the whole cathedral set, to Canon Paget," cried he; "and I'll take whatever he'll give."

"Just as you like, master; only recollect this growing bairn can't live as you've done; and if you keep her at all, you must keep her well. As for your pictures being common if they cost little, the commoner a good thing is the better, I should say. I'd as lief, and liefer, please a hundred poor men's eyes as one rich man's; maybe you don't think in that way."

This view of the matter had never presented itself to the engraver; he thought it worth considering, and wondered how it had missed him before. Coveting fame, he had lost the way to it by toiling exclusively for one order of minds. Are not the sufferings of the multitude as worthy—appreciation by the many who feel as worthy as appreciation by the few who judge?

The snow still continued to fall; it was drifted up into great white billows against the buttresses at the north side of the Minster, and lay thick on every ledge and arch and moulding, bringing out the hoary darkness of the stone in strong relief. Nicholas had no eyes for it on this morning, as he tramped through the yet untrodden covering of the gardens, in his tartan and round hat. It was still too early for the children to be about, or it is greatly to be feared that his odd fluttering garments would have been made the mark of many a well-aimed snowball. He reached the canon's house unmolested, therefore, and gave a faint pull at the bell. After the lapse of a few minutes a florid butler looked out of a side-window, and seeing who stood there, asked sharply what Nicholas wanted; and being told that he wished to speak to Canon Paget, replied that that gentleman was out of town, and would not return for a week. This was a totally unlooked-for disappointment; for some minutes after the red face had disappeared from the window Nicholas remained standing under the portico, considering with himself what he should do next. "I'll go down into the Barbican," he said at length, slowly descending the steps. "Yes, I will; Marsh has wanted these etchings a long while; he won't give much, but then I must have something. What does it matter to me whether they hang in his parlor or lie shut up in Canon Paget's folio? Nicholas Drew, you have been a fastidious, proud, old fool. This little nestling that has fallen on your door-stone must teach you to mend your ways; it is high time you did, I'm sure."

Exhorting himself inwardly, the old man turned down College Lane into Friargate; and, avoiding the temptation to run in and see that Adie had not evaporated, or changed into anything of a less satisfactory nature, he went direct to the shop in the Barbican which he had visited the night before. Marsh was there, scolding his apprentice, and in a state of post-vinous excitement. He burst into a coarse laugh as poor Drew appeared, and came forward to the counter.

"Are you so sharp set as this, Master Nicholas?" cried he. "Bless you, man, I can't give your price for the plate, and I won't. Who is to buy it if I do, eh?"

"I have not come about that now; I have brought a set of the Minster etchings—there are fifteen," replied the engraver, calmly.

"You have coveted them often, Marsh, when I was not disposed to sell; what will you give me for them now?"

"What I've offered ten times before—half-a-crown a piece," replied the printseller.

"Make it two guineas," said Nicholas.

Marsh smiled with a rather surprised air; and well he might, for the engraver's previous demand was five guineas.

"We won't split for a matter of a few shillings; the thing's done," he answered; and then counted the money out on the counter at once, lest Nicholas should repent of his hasty bargain. Unrolling the etchings, he continued to eye them for some minutes with a genuine appreciation of their merits, and then said, with unctious: "I'll say this for you, Nicholas Drew, these etchings will fetch money when you and I are underground; there is not such a hand as yours in Europe at a Gothic building. It isn't only the form and shape and richness you catch, or the light and shadow either; but it is the very spirit of the place, and your own genius you put into your pictures. You might have been the original designer of the old Minster; the love of it seems bred into your bones."

"It is, it is. Hav'n't I lived in the shadow of it from a lad?" cried Nicholas, warmed by Marsh's words into betraying his enthusiasm.

"Ay, that's it. Habit will tell. Come in, and have a glass this cold morning," suggested the printseller.

Nicholas excused himself, and started homewards. When halfway there, he remembered what he had been bade to do; and turning into a shop, he purchased some black stuff and a little hood for Adie; then, with the parcel under his arm, stopped at St. Barbe's.

The Frenchman was a clockmaker, living near the Minster-gates. Being busy when Nicholas entered, he had not time to talk; but he gave him to understand in few words that he would not be interfered with in any arrangements that he might wish to make for either father or child. St. Barbe washed his hands out of it entirely; good Master Drew was a man of evangetic kindness; he would leave all to him—all. He was a poor man himself, and could not be charged with any but his own household; he had hard work to support them often, and more to the same effect.

This was conclusive.

"I shall not trouble him again; the child is mine," said Nicholas, audibly, as he tramped away to the hospital, to make final arrangements for the funeral of the poor wood-carver. He had not done so much business for years as he did that morning; all Friargate was astonished to see the tartan in action so early, and marvelled greatly what could have excited him to such unusual exertions.

When he reached Nevil's Court, the children were all out making a snow-man; at the sight of them the old engraver felt quite a cold thrill run through his veins. He had forgotten them in his excitement, until he came suddenly on the rosy shouting troop.

"Here's old Nick; let's pelt him; let's pelt him!" screamed an audacious urchin at the top of his voice. Half-a-score shrill youthful pipes took up the cry. "Old Nick, old Nick; pelt him; pelt him!" when, lo, with a burst, out came Job Parkes armed with a horsewhip! He charged in amongst the youthful fry, overturning some, and administering a salutary lash to others, until he had changed their tune into a most dolorous minor. Job had received his orders from his wife, and had been lying in wait to execute them ever since poor Drew went out. That was the last time he had to shrink from the mocking youngsters; they did not soon forget their lesson.

#### III.—THE FLOWER OF NEVIL'S COURT.

By the time that spring came round again, Nicholas Drew and Adie were quite settled and at home together. The child had the run of all the six rooms, and one especially was given up to her. Here she had flowers which bloomed splendidly in the wide sunny window, and a pair of most musical linnets in a cage. She was a stirring vivacious child, subject to wild fits of laughter and rarer moments of gloom, which gave Nicholas, who loved her as the very apple of his eye, a strange uneasiness at times. She was wayward and wilful also, but very affectionate; not slow to offend, but prompt to seek forgiveness. She had no application, and no striking or prominent talent. It was long before Nicholas could coax her into learning to read, although she was nearly eight years old; she was, in fact, a little, indolent, freakish, loving thing, whose tears would gush at a sharp word, and whose smiles were the essence of heart-sunshine; it took so little to make her happy, that it grieved the old man to see her otherwise, and the restraining hand he kept upon her will was very light.

Though living in Nevil's Court, amongst poor artisans and the like, Nicholas Drew was not of their class; he had been born in that house before it was let off in apartments, when his father—a more flourishing individual than himself—had rented the whole of it. Few people, if any, remembered this, though they felt that he was not one of them; that his genius, his education, and a certain innate refinement springing from a pure and gentle heart, made a wide gulf between them, while not even the miserable old tartan or his visible privations could by any means bridge over.

Circumstances began to improve with him now for very natural reasons; he sold his etchings at a moderate price, and also condescended to give lessons in drawing at several schools in Eversley, which he had formerly refused to do; but he still adhered faithfully to the ancient cloak and the felt hat, while he delighted to see Adie dressed like a spring flower. It was quite a picture to watch them sitting side by side in a stall at the Minster; she with such a soft pomegranate blush on her face, and he as faded, gray and antique in shape as the queer effigies niched above them. They also often walked in the streets together, and Adie's beauty was a far greater protection to him from gibe and sneer than ever his own scowl had been.

As she grew up her disposition became quieter and more pliant, and she submitted to be sent to one of those schools which Nicholas attended. Here much was done towards disciplining her impetuous character, though her natural abhorrence of rules sometimes came out very strongly. She appeared ignorant in comparison with other girls, but she was not really so; for the good old engraver had taught her much biblical history from his stores of engravings, and imbued



her with some desultory knowledge by relating to her pleasing or terrible narratives from general history. Her strongest instincts were in her affections; she did not judge, she felt; the reflective element seemed to have been omitted from her composition altogether. She never readily attached herself to her schoolfellows, and cared for nobody's companionship so much as Nicholas's. Him she regarded with an enthusiastic, devoted, childish reliance; he was at once the best, the wisest, the dearest, and the most picturesque of old men; she took pride in the tartan and the beard which others ridiculed, and identified herself so completely in all his ways and oddities, that it was not safe to allude to them before her.

"He is not like other people!" she echoed one day after a weak girl who had laughed at him—"not like other people! No; how should he be like them? Could he simpler as men do who have nothing in their heads but wind? He has a great heart; he has a full brain. He could have built the Minster, I tell you. He ought to have lived long ago, and then he would have been a master of that grand society of Francs Maçons we read about to-day. He is a great good man, and every body else is—Bah! why do you vex me? If you want to laugh, laugh at some one I don't love." Adie had a dangerous light in her southern eyes, when she was angry, that intimidated very excitable passions, and even the possibility of a quick blow following the hasty word. It was wise to refrain from irritating her; her school companions acknowledged it with a dim confused fear and admiration for the fervor and earnestness of a temper so unlike their Saxon calm. Her gratitude, that was almost a passion; her imagination, so vivid and so picturesque; her warm sunny loveliness attracted others even while they remained as a bar of separation between them. She, as well as Nicholas, was not like other people; but there was that about her which made little spite and jealousies impossible; she was beloved by everybody who knew her, and Mrs. Parkes, to whom she was warmly attached by the memory of past kindness, called her alternately "poor Adie" and "the Flower of Nevil's Court."

## CHAPTER IV.—THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

ONE bright July morning—it was Adie's birthday, and she was seventeen years old—Nicholas Drew was hard at work on a new plate of "St. Servin's Abbey," a ruin near the river, while the young girl was chirping a little French song, when a stranger appeared in the court below, and was heard to ask if Drew, the engraver, lived there. One of the children pointed to the stairs, and the individual ascended and came in. Nicholas took off his spectacles, and pushed a chair over to the visitor, whom he supposed to be one of those curious persons who were in the habit of coming to see his pictures, and of going away without purchasing any. His action was not very courteous, for he begrudged sorely the time taken from his work. The young man quickly undeceived him, however, by stating that he was himself an engraver on wood, and that he wished to learn the art of etching on copper from Nicholas, of whose skill he had heard in London, through a dealer in prints who possessed some of his works. Flattered and gratified that a pupil from so great a distance had been attracted to Everaley by the reputation of his genius, the old man gave him a cordial welcome, and promised to render him the instruction he required.

They sat conversing together a long time about their art, and Adie, with a bit of work for appearance sake, drew near to listen. The stranger—Laurence Royston—was his name—had taken a seat with his back to the doorway, and though apparently quite intent on all Nicholas said, he still had time to steal many glances at the bright face by the old man's shoulder. At first sight Royston's countenance struck you as handsome; at the second, it pleased less; and at the third, its cold flickering eye and sinister mouth were the most prominent traits. His features were clear but sharp; his forehead high, bony and pale, with tawny hair—golden, as the sun shone through it where he sat—waving loosely above it. His figure was tall, but slenderly built, and clad in a long olive coat with much embroidery on the seams and flaps. In his left hand, the thin fingers of which opened and contracted with a nervous movement, he held a wild white rose—gathered, perhaps, at the roadside as he came to the town, for he said that his lodging was at Crossley, a village two miles off; his right hand he kept buried in the breast of his waistcoat. But his voice was the peculiar thing about him—a false voice it might be called; for though clear and softly modulated as a flute, it did not seem to come direct from the well of his thoughts, but to make many subtle turns by the way, lest it should express too much.

Adie, moved by curiosity, tried more than once to get a fair look at the stranger's face, but she was always baffled by meeting his eye the moment she lifted hers from her needle; being caught in the fact, she blushed, and he involuntarily smiled, at which she blushed the more, and finally got up and changed her seat for one by the further window. Laurence Royston, as if to avoid the hot sunshine, immediately twisted his chair round, by which, without its appearing intentional, he still faced her, and thus checked her scrutiny. Adie seemed not to observe his movement; but he saw by the quivering of her lips and the dancing radiance in her eyes that she was laughing to herself; and secretly annoyed at such mirth where he would rather have made a grave impression, he said to Nicholas, "Your daughter is not used to so much solemn discourse, I think, Master Drew. She looks anything but well entertained."

The engraver lifted up his shrewd face, and glanced at Adie. "If you are tired of our talk, child, get away to your birds or your flowers," said he gently. "I dare say it is often dull for her up here in Nevil's Court, sir; but she pretends she likes it for my sake."

"I am not dull anywhere; you ought to know I am not, Grizzie," retorted Adie, coming quickly behind the old man, and standing by him with her hand on his shoulder. "I am as happy as the summer-day is long, and all through you. I was laughing just now at my own thoughts; my thoughts are strange sometimes, so strange; they make me laugh whether I would or no."

"This white rose for the fancy that made you smile by the window five minutes ago," cried Laurence Royston, offering the flower. Adie blushed and hesitated.

"What was it, child?" asked Nicholas; "some mischievous freak either planned or remembered?"

"Neither, Grizzie; it was—No, I cannot tell you what it was." She glanced with some confusion at the stranger, and would have moved away, but Nicholas held her fast by the arm, and demanded what she meant by calling him "Grizzie" so irreverently before visitors. She gave him the gentlest possible pull by the beard, and ran off laughing saucily. The old man shook his head, and made a sort of half-apology for Adie's wildness, and then resumed his discourse about his art, which Laurence Royston found infinitely less interesting than before. He could not help wondering where the girl was gone, and whether she would return before he went away. His eyes turned frequently to the inner door by which she had escaped, and he put off his departure from moment to moment until another hour had elapsed. He then rose to go in earnest; and while Nicholas and he were exchanging last words, the quick step and lilting voice of Adie made themselves heard. She came in, evidently expecting that the stranger had left; for she cried, "I've found it, Grizzie—found it, after such a rummage!" then stopped short, with a scarlet blush dyeing her face to its very brow. She carried in her two hands a large engraving outspread, at which Nicholas looked up in bewilderment.

"What is it, child? Let me see," said he curiously, while Laurence Royston stood by the door with a peculiar smile on his face, as if he experienced a vindictive pleasure in her confusion. With great and visible reluctance, Adie came forward to the table, and threw the picture upon it, glancing with a timid half-defiance at the stranger as she did so. Nicholas drew the engraving towards him: it was "Satan playing with Man for his Soul."

"Well, what does it mean?" asked the old man, much puzzled.

"It is a lost soul from the first move," said he, in a tone that caused Adie to lift her eyes from the picture to him—"yes, little girl, a lost soul from the first move," he repeated more gently. "There is no redeeming angel at the man's elbow; only two fiends grinning their triumph in their master's success. I don't see how the adversary is to be foiled; do you?"

The girl pondered a few seconds, and then made answer, with a certain regretful strain in her voice, "No; good thoughts are all gone out of his mind. Fear and subtlety alone possess him; and the fear is greatest."

"Then you think good thoughts may have once lived in him?" asked Royston gravely.

"Yes. No one is unimpaired evil. Satan himself was a pure spirit once; he may have his lingering regrets—who knows?"

"He fell through ambition and pride, which are princely sins. What is this man's temptation?" pointing to the figure in the picture.

"The greed of gain, the meanness and baseness of all," answered Adie, resting her finger on the piles of coin represented as heaped up before Satan.

Laurence Royston drew a deep breath, and was silent; Nicholas rolled the picture up, and pushed it from him.

"Take it away, Adie; take it away; we have had enough of it," said he. "It is an uncomfortable picture. What induced you to bring it out? There, carry it off, and put it carefully into the folio again."

The young girl obeyed, and when she returned to the room Royston was gone.

There was at this time living with Nicholas Drew and Adie a middle-aged woman who acted as a servant. She was called Martha, and was of a decent appearance, but moody countenance. Mrs. Parkes held her in especial disfavor, averring that Nicholas had picked her up in the streets: she was indeed the person he had met and relieved in the Barbican on the very night that Adie was taken into his house. It is needless to enter into her antecedents, to condemn her or to exculpate. Nothing of her history was known except to her master, and could only be guessed by her scrupulous avoidance of the pure young girl with whom she shared the charitable shelter of Nicholas Drew's roof. If possible, she would not meet her; and if compelled to speak, what she had to say was couched in the fewest words. The engraver acquiesced in this reserve: his flower must not be sullied by one evil thought. Martha from her kitchen-window had seen Laurence Royston come and go. She had a singular habit of watching furtively, and garnering things up in her mind; for what purpose it would be hard to say, as she never spoke of them afterwards;—perhaps it was to mark their issues, and to feed her morbid craving for excitement by deducing remote possibilities from small beginnings. The first time she went into the room where her master and Adie were after Royston was gone, she examined the girl's face narrowly, and traced there a certain anxiety which was strange to its expression; what did it portend? While Martha was there, she began to sing again broken snatches of her merry songs, and throwing off the troubled thought, whatever it might be, resumed her natural easy gaiety. Martha thought she had caught the first slight thread of the web, and went away to brood upon it and wind laboriously through its meshes at her after-leisure. She could not see yet whether it would be smooth or all pestered with knots and tangles, as so many are. She liked the girl, and wished her well for her master's sake, otherwise her saucy gaiety and instinctive pride would have jarred harshly with her own unstrung being.

When Laurence Royston descended the outside stairway into the court he dropped the wild rose that he had carried in his hands upon the second step, where it lay unnoticed until after noon. Adie was standing at the window idle, when she saw it; for a minute or so, she looked at it through dreamy listless eyes, then went out and picked it up. Martha observed the trivial action, and added another loop to the web. The poor little flower was soiled and crushed, its stalks broken, its leaves falling, its scent almost gone.

"He threw it away," said Adie to herself, "and I think it is no better worth either." She whirled it from the window, and it fell into the court below. "Now Grizzie would say that was wanton mischief," she went on musingly; "he would not have anything of God's making treated with disrespect. That is a strange fancy of his, that the flowers feel, that they are susceptible of pleasure and pain. It may be so; they lift up their heads to the sunshine, they drink the dew and grow and bloom and give forth sweet odors—their incense of prayer, their act of worship and thanksgiving; then they pine and die in unkindly frosts. If Grizzie be right, and I am inclined to think that he is, how that miserable little wild rose must feel its degradation, lying there in the dust to be trampled by any careless foot; this morning at dawn it was in some fresh green hedgerow, with hundreds of others that are blooming there still! I will go and rescue it."

Down she went, tripping noiselessly as a shadow, and taking the sullied flower once more into her hand, but this time, with a certain tenderness of gesture, returned with it to the engraver's room. Martha riveted a new knot on her thread. Nicholas was all the while diligently absorbed in his work, and gave no heed to what was passing; besides, Adie was accustomed to utter her thoughts aloud without expecting any reply. She now came near him, and leant over his shoulder to watch him, as she often did; but finding that he was too deeply occupied to notice her, she sauntered to her chamber where were her birds and plants. She spent some time chirping to the linnet, putting up her ripe red lips for them to peck at, and teasing them with the wild rose, which she struck gently against the bars of their cage. Wearing of such idleness at last, she breathed a little tired sigh, and looked at the broken flower. "What am I to do with you now I have taken you out of the dust?" she said, as if she was speaking to a living thing. "You are too ugly to wear, too faded to put in a glass of water, for you will never revive again; lie there till you become unsightly as a weed, and then Martha will throw you away perhaps." She laid it down by her looking-glass on the table before the window for that time; but at night, finding it still in the same place, she put it within a drawer amongst her other treasures, where it stayed and was forgotten.

(To be continued.)

**BABYLON.**—The walls of Babylon were eighty-seven feet in breadth, three hundred and fifty feet high, and sixty miles in circumference. The foundation and improvement of this wonder of the world are enveloped in obscurity. It is difficult, on this subject, to reconcile the accounts of sacred and profane history. The most probable opinion, however, is that Nimrod founded it and Belus enlarged it; that Esdras adorned it with beautiful buildings; and that Nebuchadnezzar the Great raised it to its perfect state of astonishing magnificence. The reduction of Babylon by Cyrus fulfilled the prophecies which Isaiah, Jeremiah and Daniel had been inspired to denounce against that imperious city. The hand of the Almighty was no less visible in the demolition of Babylon than on the wall on which the memorable sentence of destruction was engraved against her unfortunate monarch, Belshazzar. In tracing the great decrees of Providence which are used as the instruments of Almighty power, we may remark that the waters of the Euphrates, which had been diverted to open a passage to the troops of Cyrus, were suffered to overflow the whole country, and reduce it to a morass. The bricks which formed the materials of the celebrated walls and palaces of Babylon were made of clay mixed with straw, and dried in the sun. Wanting the firmness of cohesion, their surface was continually liable to be diminished by the heavy rains, till, at length, being suffered to decay, they were totally reduced to mud, and swept away by the violence of the torrent. So complete is the destruction of this once wonderful city, and so literally were the prophecies respecting it fulfilled, that the opinions on its situation are founded on vague, fanciful and useless conjectures.

**A DETERMINED SPINSTER.**—"What brought you here?" said a lone woman, who was quite "frustrated" by an early call from an old bachelor neighbor who lived opposite, and whom she regarded with particular favor, "though she never told her love, but let concealment like a worm in the mud, hide in the furrows of her wrinkled face and change her skin to parchment." "I come to borrow matches," "Matches! that's a likely story! Why don't you make a match your-elf? I know what you came for," cried the exasperated old virgin, as she backed the bachelor into the corner. "You came here to kiss me almost to death, but you shan't without you are the strongest, and the Lord knows you are!"

## A COLUMN OF GOLD.

THREE wild mudlarks were recently captured by a young divine, and brought into a Sunday school in New York, where they were severely questioned as follows:

"What is your name?"

"Dan," replied the untaught one, who was first interrogated.

"Oh, no, your name is Daniel; say it now."

"Daniel."

"Yes; well, Daniel, take your seat."

"And what is your name?" was interrogated of number two.

"Sam," ejaculated the urchin.

"Oh, dear, no, it is Samuel. Sit down, Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow," said he, turning to the third. With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechumen boldly replied, "Jumel, by jabsers!"

This reminds us of the story of the bewildered little Dutch boy, who, when first introduced to an English school heard one of his playmates called up and questioned.

"Well, little boy, what's your name?"

"Aaron."

"Well, then, spell it."

"Great A, little a, r-o-n."

This was satisfactory, and another was hauled up.

"What's your name?"

"Lloyd."

"Spell it."

"Great L, little l, o-y-d."

Dutchy's turn now came, and on being questioned admitted that his name was Hans.

"Well, sonny, spell it."

With all the confidence of truth, little Hans, with a strong accent, began: "Great Hans, little Hans—"

And here he broke down. Whether he ever got up again appeareth not in history.

**A YANKEE**, who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in rapture with the Venus de Medici, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care about these stone gals."

"I CURSE the hour we were married!" exclaimed an enraged husband to his better-half. To which she mildly replied, "Don't, my dear, for that was the only happy hour we have ever seen."

## SUMMER TIME.

Oh! the summer time is coming,  
With song bird, bee and flower;  
And the long bright days are dawning  
On grove and sunlit bower;  
On the hill-top, in the meadow,  
Its balmy breeze will play,  
Ever bringing some sweet token  
From opening leaf and spray.

Oh! the summer time is coming,  
With Peace on its golden wing;  
War storm hush'd, and red flag fur'd,  
We may reap, and work, and sing;  
While we watch the corn-fields ripen  
'Neath the sunlight's kindly ray,  
Let us thank the hand that scatters  
These blessings on our way.

Oh! the summer time is bringing  
Joy to childhood and to sage,  
Fresh bloom and hope for sunny youth,  
And light for the path of age;  
Bursts of music from the greenwood,  
And soft murmurs from the stream—  
All these tell us of the summer,  
Brief and bright as life's first dream.

**THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.**—The following is a literal copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West:

Subjects of Discussion:  
Is dandin mortallie rong?  
Is the reedin of scitishus works commendible?  
Is it necessary that femals should reseave a thurry littterary educashun?  
Ort femals to talk part in pollytix?  
Dus dres constitut the morral parts of wimmin?

**MR. JENKINS** was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon! Don't be afraid of it."

"No, indeed, madam—I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

"Look here, ma!" said a young lady just commencing to take lessons in painting, "see my painting, can you tell me what it is?" Ma, after looking at it some time, answered, "Well, it is either a cow or a road-bud, I'm sure I can't tell which."

**A LADY** who was much afflicted, and who had been attended by several physicians to no purpose, was persuaded by her friends to call in a learned quack, so he came. "Well, doctor, what is it?" "Why, mem, it is a scrutantory case." "Scrutantory case, doctor! pray, what is that?" "It is a dropping of nerves, mem." "Dropping of the nerves, doctor! what is that?" "Why, mem, the hummatics drop down into the piser-istum, and the head goes tizer-rizer, tizer-rizer."

**CRINOLINE BY THE CORD.**—A fellow went into a fashionable milliner's store a week or two since, inquiring:

"Have you any skirts?"

"Plenty of all kinds."

"What do you ask a cord for?" said the chap.

"A cord!" said the young lady behind the counter.

"Yes, I want about a cord. Up in our digins the petticoats has gin out. I see you advertise 'corded skirts,' and I thought while my hand was in, I'd take what you had corded up."

Hysterics on the part of the young storekeeper followed this bright elucidation, and the fellow, guessing something wrong, took the hint and vanished.

**A POOR** emaciated Irishman, having called in a physician in a kind of forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster and clapped it upon the poor customer's breast. Paddy, with a tearful eye, looking down upon it said, "Doother, doother, dear, it strikes me that it's a deal of mustard for so little mate!"

**COOL.**—Judge Jacobs had a happy felicity of "staving off" duns. He was always getting into debt and never getting out. A noted collector by the name of Smith had a bill against the Judge, and was constantly importuning him for the amount. The Judge kept putting him off, and finally told Smith to come to his office on a certain day and see him. Smith was on hand promptly, the receipt between his fingers all ready. The Judge appeared quite busy for a few moments, thumped his paper, looked at his watch, rubbed his nose, turned to Smith and said: "Smith, I have put you to a good deal of trouble; but see me two weeks from next Tuesday, at two o'clock precisely, and—I'll tell you when to call again!"

**GENEROUSITY.**—All giving is not generous; and the gift of a spendthrift is seldom given in generosity; for prodigality is, equally with avarice, a selfish vice; nor can there be a more spurious view of generosity, than that which has been often taken by sentimental comedians and novelists, when they have represented it in combination with recklessness and waste. He who gives only what he would as readily throw away, gives without generosity; for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice.

## DAY BY DAY.

Day after day mere sands of time  
In brief succession count to years;  
But older truth in every clime  
The same sweet brow of beauty wears—  
Had life so battles, to the strong  
No wreath of triumph would belong.

Had sin no debt to pay,  
The heart no aim above this earth,  
Oh, mean would be its mortal worth,  
Of duty day by day.

What youth hath wrought, though age hath ceased;  
Dismay unstrung, what joy hath twined;  
The Autumn reaps what Spring hath sown,  
The blossom leaves its fruit behind.  
Turn heavenward (his heart, and read  
The mission Providence decreed,  
Nor slumber on the way.  
What though the proud ones pass by?  
An equal goal each heart, each eye,  
May iathorn day by day.

Though many a friendly voice is still,  
And form erased that fancy drew,  
The unrevealed to-morrow will  
In season give each heart its due.  
Turn heavenward. A willing hand,  
Invisible at first command,  
Will henceforth lead the way.  
From sea to sea, from sky to sod,  
Through vast expanse, the voice of God,  
Is speaking day by day.

**A COINCIDENCE.**—John Thomas wishes to know why the Ohio Life and Trust Company is like the Atlantic telegraph cable? Because it became embarrassed in "paying out" and broke.





SIKH WARRIORS ASSISTING THE ENGLISH AT THE ASSAULT OF DELHI.

## THE SIKH COUNTRY.

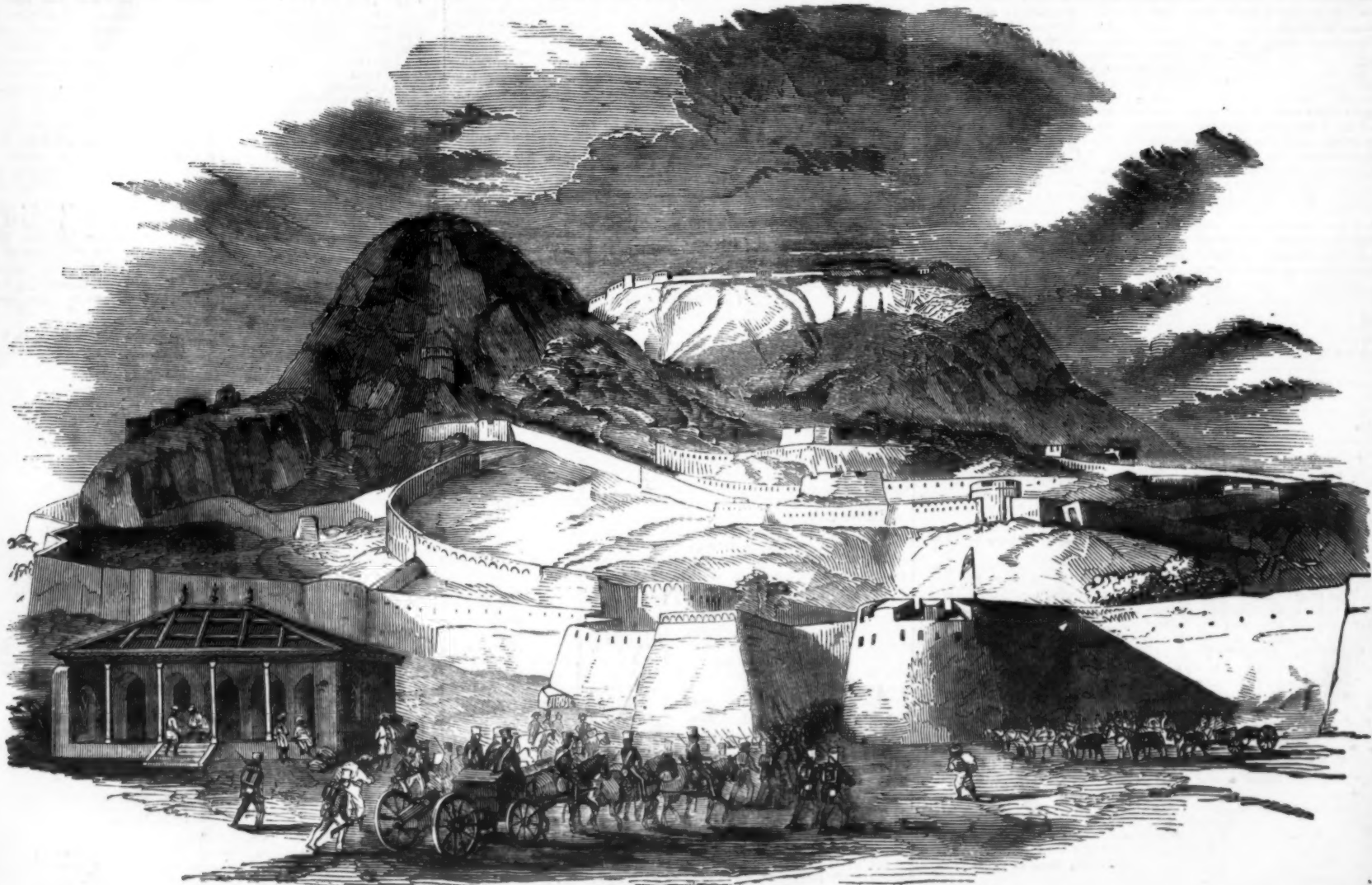
In the great contest that is now going on in Hindostan, between English civilization and the millions of fanatical Hindoos, one of the most remarkable things that attract our attention is the fact that the Sikhs, who twelve years ago were the implacable enemies of the English, are now their most faithful allies, and have come forward in large numbers to partake in the assault of Delhi. In the winter of 1845-6 they declared war against the English, and crossed the river Sutled in strong force. A short but sharp

war ensued, in which the English triumphed, and the Punjaub became a part of the British Empire in India.

The Punjaub signifies "the country of the five waters," from the rivers running through it. The Sikhs are the religious enemies of the Hindoos and of the Mahomedans, and are the disciples of Nanac Shah, who, giving all he possessed to the poor, began to preach, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. The unity and omnipresence of God were the tenets he enforced. The result was a very extensive conversion of his countrymen from the Brahminical and Ma-

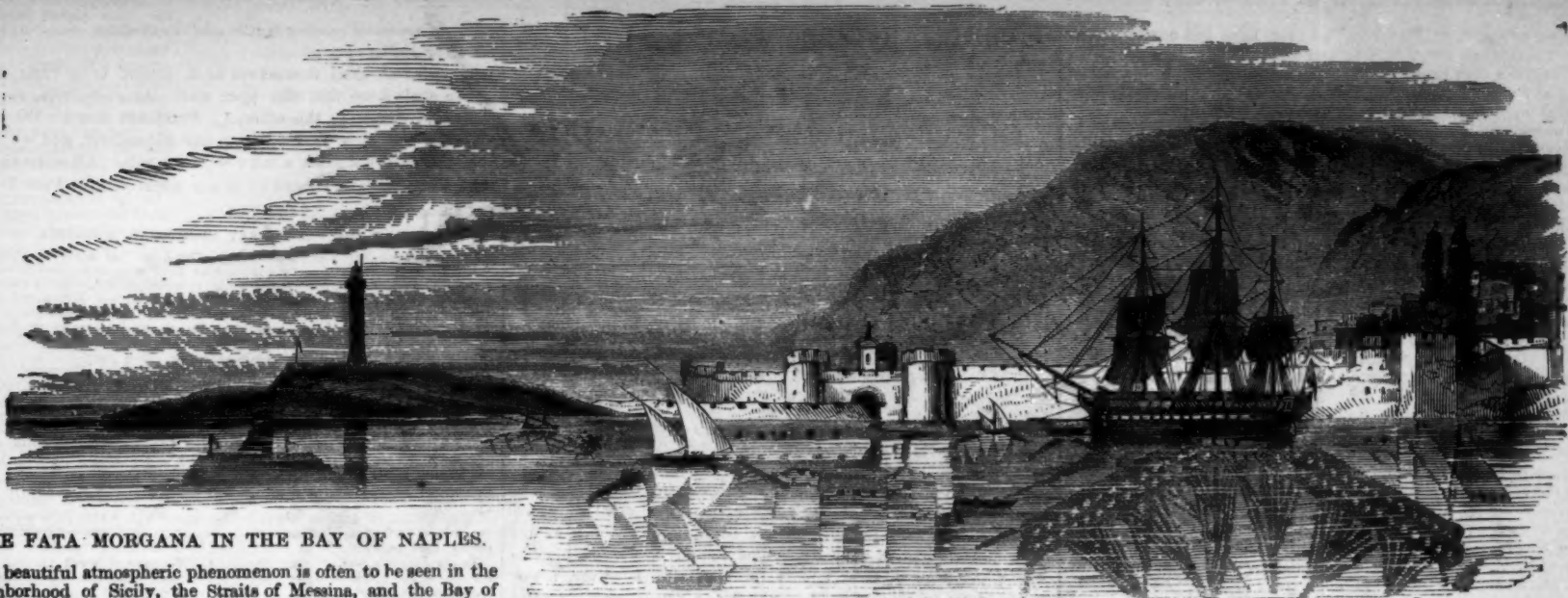
hommedan religions to a belief in pure Deism. The precepts upon which the Sikh religion is now founded may be thus briefly stated: "There is no God but one God. A hundred thousand of Mahomets, a million of Brahmins, Vishnus, and a hundred thousand Ramas stand at the gate of the Most High. These all perish; God alone is immortal."

The hill forts are numerous among the Sikhs, and are used as depositaries for their treasures and women in times of disturbances. The one illustrated in our sketch is near Mundi, and is a representation of the immense works they erect for protection.



A FORTIFIED POST OF THE SIKHS, NEAR MUNDI, INDIA.





THE FATA MORGANA IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

THIS beautiful atmospheric phenomenon is often to be seen in the neighborhood of Sicily, the Straits of Messina, and the Bay of Naples. The clear skies and transparent atmosphere of the latter place, however, are so favorable to optical influences, that this strange appearance is of frequent occurrence there.

It is also called the "Castles of the Fairy Morgana," as the spectacle is supposed by the rude and unlettered peasantry to be under the influence of the Fairy Queen. It is considered as an omen of rare good fortune to the lucky beholder, and when it appears the inhabitants of Naples run wildly to call one another, shrieking out, "Morgana! Morgana!" in accents of the greatest joy.

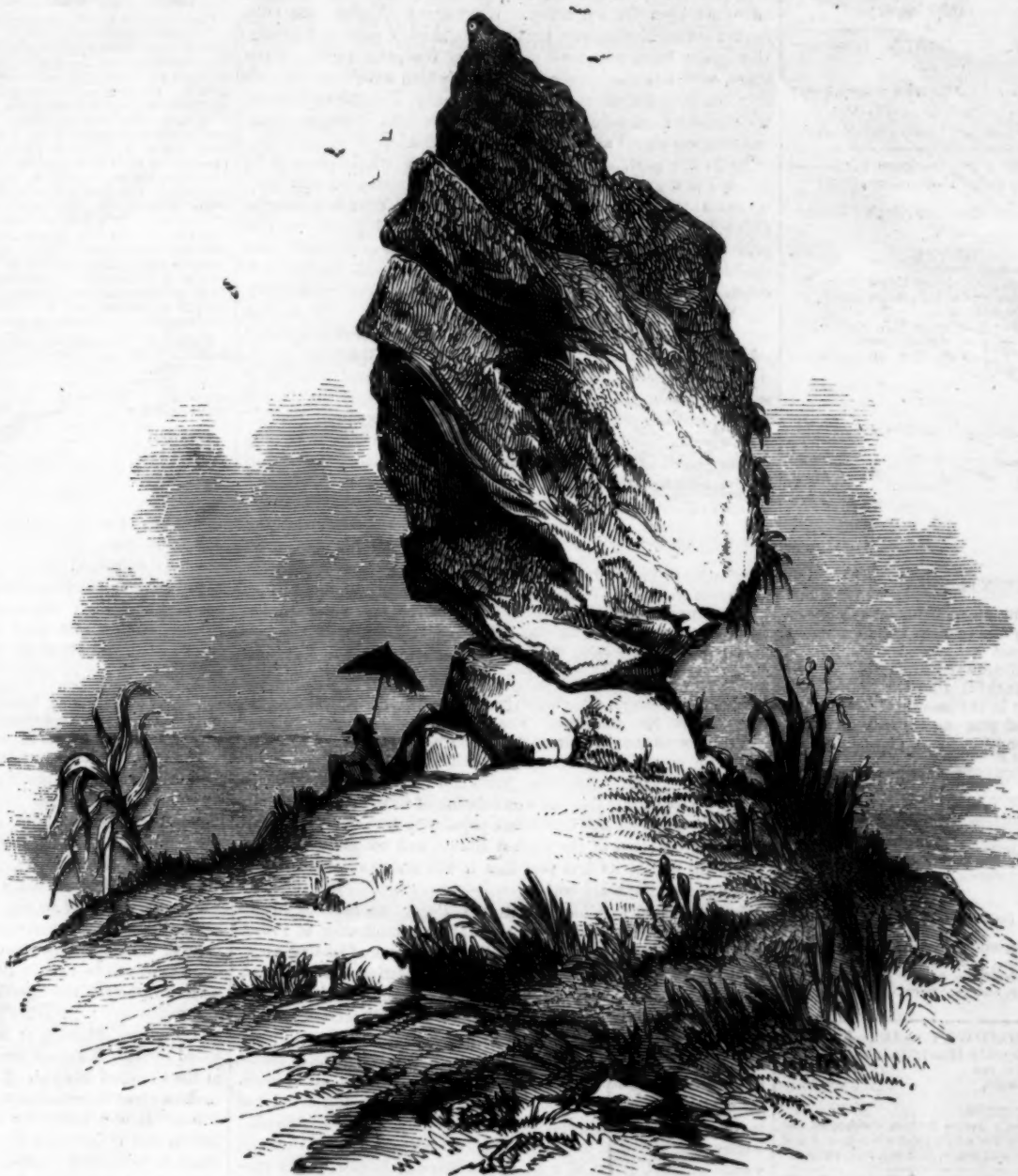
At sunrise, on a clear, serene day, when the surface of the sea is calm, the spectator, placed on an eminence in the city, with his back to the east, and when the sun shines from a point whence the incident rays form an angle of forty-five degrees on the water, may behold stately towers, churches, magnificent palaces, rows of elaborately ornamented columns, processions of men and women, armies in military array, and groups of cattle feeding in sequestered valleys, passing in rapid succession along the surface of the water.

If the air should be heavily charged with humidity and moisture these beautiful figures are also beheld suspended, as it were, in the air, at some height above the sea; and if the atmosphere is hazy or opaque, the objects appear vividly colored, and fringed with red, blue, orange and other prismatic tints.

On one occasion the "Fata Morgana" was seen off the English coast. The cliffs of Calais, France, are fifty miles distant from Hastings, in Sussex, and are completely hidden from view by the convexity of the earth's surface, yet the whole line of coast from Calais to Dieppe became distinctly visible.

Our engraving represents this curious effect of natural magic as it is to be seen in the Bay of Naples, where images are frequently repeated several times, and in several different angles of inclination in the clear water. It is difficult to estimate with any certainty the times at which the "Fata Morgana" appears, although, from the peculiar state

FATA MORGANA IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.



REMARKABLE ROCK ON THE AFRICAN RIVER NIGER.

of the atmosphere always accompanying it, vague anticipations are frequently formed in the neighborhood of Naples. It is generally quite vivid in the morning, but fades gradually away as the day advances, and altogether forms one of the most beautiful and impressive spectacles that can easily be imagined.

#### NATURAL CURIOSITY ON THE SHORES OF THE RIVER NIGER.

A TRAVELLER recently on a visit to the Niger, while making an excursion along its shores, met with a remarkable natural curiosity; he says: "After about half an hour's hasty walking we came out of the dense forest upon a slight eminence, crowned by a massive and singularly shaped rock. An angular pile of stone, overgrown by moss and creeping vines in some places, and in others bare and gray, was balanced on a narrow neck or foundation of rock. What freak of nature or convulsion of mother earth had placed it there, or how the gravitating forces retained it in that position, was impossible to tell. I sat down to sketch this rare natural curiosity, while my companion hastened down the declivity towards a group of huts, which we discerned in the valley below, to procure, if possible, some provisions and a guide to enable us to reach the spot at which we had agreed to meet the rest of our party." Rocks similarly suspended are found in almost every part of the world.

#### THE BADGER AND HIS HABITS.

THE badger is a small animal, of a reddish-gray color, about as large as a medium-sized dog, but standing much lower on the feet, it seems smaller than it really is. The animal comes out only at night, and during the day time hides in its burrow, which is generally to be found in sequestered and unfrequented thickets, or on the sides of hills, overgrown with vines and bushes. The interior of his domicile consists of several winding and tortuous



MIGRATION OF THE BADGER.



passages or apartments, which, however, have but one entrance. These excavations frequently extend some distance into the earth. The badger is very cleanly and particular in his habits, and if the ox or any other foreign animal finds its way into his neatly constructed burrow, he immediately seeks other quarters.

Towards evening, and on moonlight nights, he comes abroad to search for food. This consists chiefly of roots, earth nuts, fruits, berries, insects, reptiles and small birds. He frequently attacks the nests of wild bees, and despoils them of their honied sweets; this robbery he commits with perfect impunity, owing to his length of hair and thick skin, which render him perfectly insensible to the sting. The badger has often been unjustly accused of destroying lambs, rabbits, etc., but this charge is false, as he never commits depredations on the farmer or husbandman, but is a harmless, innocent little animal.

His claws are long and stout, his limbs muscular, his jaws strong, and his fur long and coarse, and these characteristics enable him to resist the frequent attacks of the dog in a manner hardly to be expected from so small an animal. He is unusually tenacious of life, but, as is also the case with the otter, a slight blow on the snout is sufficient to destroy him at once.

Badger hunting is always performed by moonlight, as the animal only emerges from his hole at night. A sack is placed at the aperture of his habitation, whose opening exactly corresponds with the opening of the hole. This is secured in a circular shape by willow hoops which, from their pliability, can be made to retain any necessary form. After this operation is completed, the signal whistle is given, and dogs are let loose into the neighboring woods. The alarmed badger, terrified by the noise and barking, makes instantly for his hole, and, darting in, is safely entrapped in the sack.

The inhuman and barbarous sport of badger baiting is altogether different from this method of hunting the animal, a sport which was formerly very popular among the English peasantry.

#### BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, LESSEE.— Re-engagement of the great Comedian, MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

Who has just concluded most brilliant engagements at Boston and the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7 o'clock.  
Prices of Admission, Boxes and Parquette, 60 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents.

#### NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Fourth week of the immense success of the new, grand, and unsurpassed Fairy Pantomime, BOREAS.

with entirely new and original gorgeous scenery, Machinery, Magical Changes, Tricks, Costumes, &c.

THE RAVEL.—THE ROLA.—THE MARZETTI.  
GABRIEL RAVEL ON THE TIGHT ROPE.

To commence with a Ballet each evening.  
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children to Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price.  
ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

#### LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.

Miss Laura Keene.....T. Solo Lessee and Directress.  
Now open for the Season, with an able and efficient Stock Company.

THE SEA OF ICE; OR, A MOTHER'S PRAYER.  
Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock.

Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

#### WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.  
GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme.

Stage Manager.....Sylvester Becker.  
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.  
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

#### BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—New Dramatic Season. With an Entirely New and superior Company.

Every evening at half-past seven o'clock.  
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.  
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.— SIXTEENTH SEASON, 1857-'58.

The first Concert will take place on Saturday evening, November 21st, 1857, at the Academy of Music, corner of Fourteenth street and Irving Place. The following artists have kindly volunteered their services: Miss MILNER, and Mr. H. MÖLLERHAUER, Violoncello. Conductor, Mr. THEO. EISELDE.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8 o'clock P. M.  
By order, L. SPIER, Secretary.

#### OLYMPIC, 555 BROADWAY (late BUCKLEY'S), opposite Niblo's.

PRENDERGAST'S MINSTRELS.  
Open every evening with a choice company, consisting of Fifteen talented performers. Admission 25 cents to all parts of the house. Orchestra seats reserved for ladies and families without extra charge. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

#### EMPIRE HALL, No. 596 BROADWAY.—DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGES, magnificently Illustrated, and vividly portraying the sublime yet awful grandeur of the POLAR REGIONS.

with a description by  
Mr. WILLIAM MORTON,  
discoverer of the open Polar Sea. Dr. Kane's Arctic dresses, celebrated dog Ethah, rifle and other relics on view every evening at 8 o'clock; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children half price.

#### WILL CLOSE DECEMBER 1, THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY MODERN ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH School, which is now open at the OLD ART UNION ROOMS, No. 497 Broad- way, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and in the EVENING from 7 to 10 o'clock. N. B.—The pictures will be exhibited by gas light during the day when necessary. B. FRODSHAM, Secretary.

#### AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART is now open in the new Galleries of the National Academy of Design, one door from Broadway, in Tenth street, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7 p. m. to 10. Admission 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1857.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. G., Quincy, Mass.—Drawing received, with thanks. Will appear in our next.  
We are under obligations to — Williams, photographers, of Newport, R.I., for landscape views and portraits.

The beautiful and romantic Tale,  
THE KING OF THE PEAK,  
will be continued in our next.

#### NOTICE.

THE back numbers of the MAGAZINE are now ready. The rush for the first numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE so far exceeded all calculations, that the immense editions were speedily exhausted. Each number, however, being stereotyped, we are now enabled to supply the constant demands for the back numbers. Orders for the September, October and November numbers, can now be supplied at the Office, 13 Frankfort street.

### SPLENDID HOLIDAY PICTORIAL SHEET.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S GREAT CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL

will be ready in a few days. Containing an immense amount of  
Splendid Engravings,

illustrating the principal events of the past year. Portraits of  
Eminent Male and Female Artists, Statesmen, Soldiers, &c.;  
THE GREAT EASTERN;

detailed Maps of India, with the Assault and Capture of Delhi;  
and other beautiful Works of Art too numerous to mention.

Agents and others should send in their orders immediately,  
so that no disappointment in the supply may occur.

FRANK LESLIE, 13 Frankfort Street.

#### SOMETHING PERSONAL—OUR FIFTH VOLUME.

To those of our readers, and they number many thousands, who have followed us through the eventful period of our two years' existence, we have nothing to say in praise or defence of our course: the fact that they have remained our fast friends is sufficient evidence of their approval. We have, however, a few words to say to all our readers about our future prospects and intentions. The past two years have been fruitful in experience. Our vast outlay, increasing responsibilities and constant labor, have not been thrown away. We have established the only ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER that can claim to be such in America. Our pages have presented pictures of the great events of the times, with a faithfulness and a spirit which have won admiration for their artistic excellence and beauty, and the rapidity of their production, following right upon the heel of the occasion, has hitherto placed all competition at defiance.

As in the past, so in the future will our whole energies be devoted to the perfection of our plan. Our enterprise will keep up with the spirit of the times, and if we cannot transcribe events in advance by means of the Spiritual Telegraph, we will print them upon our pages so shortly after their occurrence, that the brief excitement of the American public shall hardly have subsided from its first O dear! before a vivid picture shall stamp every feature of the scene upon the general mind. We are the veritable magicians of the age, and our wands of pen and pencil are more powerful than ever Prospero bore. In the coming volume our readers will find, in addition to the usual number of superbly illustrated articles of immediate interest, incidents and travels, and Charles Lever's splendid serial "Davenport Dunn," a vastly increased amount of admirable and amusing reading matter—such as tales, poems, anecdotes, and subjects humorous and curious. Our comic department, both illustrative and literary, will be greatly enlarged; while literature, art, music and the drama, will receive their due share of attention and critical analysis. In the past conduct of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we refer with honest pride to the high tone which has been preserved in its columns; not one line and not one engraving, the comic included, can be found in the four volumes that the most particular and fastidious reader could point out to object to. In this spirit it will always be conducted, and thus warranted, we feel confident in placing before the public FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER as the cheapest and best family newspaper in America.

While we are speaking of ourselves we cannot omit to mention the successful issue of our Illustrated German Paper, called *Frank Leslie's Illustrierte Zeitung*, which in a brief existence of a few months has reached a circulation of nearly fifty thousand. It achieved a great and immediate popularity among our German citizens in all parts of the United States, and we do not doubt before the end of its first year that it will arrive at a circulation of a hundred thousand copies.

In connection with our Illustrated Paper we must allude to the greatest literary success of the day, the publication of *Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine*. From the issue of its first number in September last, it commanded a circulation hardly second to any magazine in the country. With each number its circulation has largely increased, and the press from all sections of the country, swelling its praise with admiring cordiality, keep up the ever flowing tide of subscribers. Our Family Magazine is essentially a Home Magazine, for it meets the wants of all readers. Its contents comprise choice and original illustrated articles of travel and adventure, a splendid serial tale, many elegant amusing stories, characteristic anecdotes, choice reading articles of rare and varied interest, pages of rich and admirable humor, and a miscellany of amusing and interesting subjects. The superb engravings, prepared especially for this work, average from forty to fifty, and are unequalled for their artistic excellence. The department of the *Gazette of Fashion*, that popular work being incorporated in the Family Magazine, contains the most exquisite fashion plates, costumes, bonnets, hats, beautiful patterns of various kinds of needlework, &c., and a host of subjects interesting to the ladies, with fascinating stories, anecdotes, and information suitable to the ladies' department. Our readers will perceive that the combination of excellencies we have described make *Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine*, at \$3 per year, the cheapest, as it is the most varied, amusing and beautifully illustrated Magazine in the world.

#### TAKE NOTICE!

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

AND

#### NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,

BOTH

For Four Dollars.

We make this liberal offer to the public to January 1, 1858, from the date of our present issue. We will send the Paper and Magazine to one address for one year, for Four Dollars. The two are entirely distinct in the character of their literature and the subject of their engravings. Together they form an amount of reading matter equal to three thousand Imperial Octavo pages; while the number of engravings, nearly all of them original, designed and cut by the best artists in the city, is very nearly two thousand. Remember the offer, dear reader, three thousand

pages of splendid reading matter and two thousand fine engravings for Four Dollars per annum.

who desire to avail themselves of it, should send their orders. We shall keep this offer open until the above date, so those early and direct to this office, 13 Frankfort street. We make this offer as a New Year's gift to our subscribers, and we think that we could not make a more welcome gift. All subscriptions sent after January 1 must be at our usual terms—Five Dollars per annum for both publications.

#### WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—This giant has made its debut into our sanctum, and ever since its entrance we have been wondering how such a mass of engravings and reading matter as it contains could be furnished for twenty-five cents. The number before us is for October, and is the second number issued. Frank Leslie calls it the "Monarch of the Monthlies," and it is only necessary to see it to acknowledge the appropriateness of the title. It is of the largest octavo size, and contains one hundred pages filled with beautiful illustrations and attractive reading matter. The publisher has incorporated his popular "Gazette of Fashion" in it, and the two form a companion which addresses itself both to the masculine and the feminine world, and is in an eminent degree adapted to the masses, as well as to those occupying more extensive territory in the social world. Almost every article is fully illustrated, some of the illustrations occupying whole pages. The frontispiece is a beautiful colored engraving, representing a Chinese wedding. The colored fashion plate, which introduces the "Ladies' Department," is first-class, as are all the illustrations in that department. The "Gazette of Fashion" is too well known to need any telling of its excellencies. Frank Leslie is an enterprising gentleman, and richly deserves success. May he reap an ample harvest of pleasure and profit from this undertaking; and as it makes its monthly visits to us, it will afford us pleasure to make it our politest bow.—*Herald and Expositor*, Carlisle, Pa.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—We have received the November number of the above superior monthly, destined, doubtless, to be the most popular and excellent magazine for ladies ever published in America. Incorporated with it is the well-known "Gazette of Fashion," itself fully worth the price of the whole book. This number is well filled with good matter, and profusely illustrated, and we think if our lady readers would buy one number, they would continue on ever after.—*Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle*.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE, with which is incorporated the "Gazette of Fashion."—The incorporation of these two monthlies constitutes a mammoth periodical, or, as the publisher says, "the Monarch of all the Monthlies." We scarcely know what to say of it. It is a prodigious periodical. Each number contains one hundred large octavo pages. The enterprise of Leslie knows no bounds. His go-ahead-attitude is deserving of all commendation, and we are glad to notice that this enterprise is meeting with large success. It contains a vast amount of reading matter, and is most profusely and elegantly illustrated, and for a magazine of its size and character is remarkably cheap. The wonder to us is how it can be produced for the sum of three dollars. The "Gazette of Fashion," although thus incorporated, is as ample in all its features as when issued by itself. The plates of fashion are large and beautiful. Ladies, call and take a look at this work. It will please you, we feel confident. It is the very thing you need. The press everywhere speak of it in high terms.—*The Odd Fellow*, Boonshoro', Md.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, which has been incorporated with his "Gazette of Fashion," makes a fine appearance for October. It is of imperial octavo size, and contains ninety-six pages monthly, embracing a great variety of choice and valuable reading matter, a full report of the latest New York and Paris fashions, a large number of excellent illustrations, including a colored frontispiece and a colored plate of fashions. The magazine cannot help succeeding by its merits, even in times as hard as these.—*N. Y. Atlas*.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—Frank Leslie never does things by halves. Whatever work he has established, has been richly worth the money asked for it. But in this new magazine he has even outdone all his former efforts, both in quality and quantity. The reading matter is just the kind for the family, being of a high character, and diversified in subjects. The engravings are very numerous, valuable and well executed. The "Gazette of Fashion," which has been an established favorite with the fair sex, is incorporated into this new work, and furnishes all the matters of interest and value which it formerly did. Let those desiring to secure good reading for the family circle, examine THE NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—*Christian Freeman*, Boston.

THE latest news from England brings the welcome intelligence that Delhi, the stronghold of the rebellious sepoys, has fallen before the determined assault of the British troops. The particulars of the siege and the fall will be found in the article describing the map of India. The other besieged places garrisoned by the English soldiers still hold out, and at the date of the latest despatches General Havelock and Sir G. Outram were close at hand with ample force to relieve them. The general aspect of affairs in India were more favorable for the English army, and there is little doubt but the fall of Delhi will effect a thorough disorganization of the rebel forces.

The full extent of our financial crisis had been received in England, but it did not cause the terrible excitement that was anticipated on this side of the Atlantic. The Bank of England did not suspend specie payments, nor did it raise its rate of discount. There was a general feeling of gratification that the climax had come, and that the tendency of affairs must naturally be towards improvement. There was a willing disposition to send us as much gold as we were able to pay for, and altogether the view taken was rather bright than otherwise. Some failures had occurred, but none of sufficient importance to create any real alarm. A conference was to be held in London on the 15th of November, with a view to settle the Spanish-Mexican difficulties. The Earl of Clarendon and Count de Persigny respectively represent England and France. Mexico, it is stated, agrees to the mediation, provided Spain will at once receive M. Lafragua in his official capacity at the Court of Madrid. The Turkish Government are about to make a great financial movement with reference to the Ottoman Bank. It will involve a loan of some two hundred millions of francs, and is intended to liquidate the debts of the civil government, to withdraw some of the paper money, and to restore exchanges. A protest has been entered by the Austrian Government against the fortifications erected by Russia at the entrance of the Sea of Azof. The American horses, Priores, Belle and Babylon have received a most terrible defeat in the race for the Cambridge-shire stakes, at Newmarket. They literally made no show at all. Priores was the seventh or eighth on the list; Babylon somewhere about the twentieth, and Belle the last of all. This was a result by no means expected, and we should like to hear from our knowing men on this side how they account for it. Verily, horseracing is a "fluctuating" thing!

The mass meetings of the so-called working men, but which were in reality organized for political purposes, caused a very needless amount of alarm in Washington, and the useless parade of marines in Wall street caused no little amusement. They came to defend the public moneys, and, after one night's rigid investment, retired in good order and undisturbed. One thing is certain, the true working man does not parade his want and suffering before the community, and another thing is equally certain, that in case of any outbreak among the "roughs" that throng the city, the municipal authorities have ample and efficient means of immediately suppressing it. We can take care of ourselves in New York.

After the grandiloquent display of department orders to seize and secure the persons of all suspected filibusters, General William Walker has been permitted to depart, without let or hindrance, with his peaceful agricultural colonization party of four or five hundred men. The force of interdiction was kept up for some time with exquisite gravity; all the United States marshals were in a state of ceaseless activity, endeavoring not to find Walker and his associates, and they have nobly accomplished their end.



They have all in their youth heard of Hookey Walker, and came to the reasonable understanding that this was a Walker that they could not hook.

## PERSONAL.

THE Committee for the Aquidneck Course of Lectures are endeavoring to obtain the services of Charles Mackay, Esq., editor of the London Illustrated News, to lecture during the present month. Mr. Mackay is now visiting this country, and is well known to all appreciators of good books as one of the most elegant essayists and spirited poets of the day. The rhyme of his verses is like the ringing beat of the hammer in Verdi's *Anvil Chorus*.

Among the passengers by the Persia on the 11th was William Vincent Wallace, the eminent composer. He took with him three of his children, hermetically sealed up in tin and securely boxed over. Do not be alarmed, dear reader, they were not his human offspring, but three of his famous pianofortes, one grand and two squares. Mr. Wallace takes with him these instruments, which bear his name and are made upon the patent of S. B. Briggs, for the purpose of showing to the benighted Europeans what we Americans can do in the way of making pianofortes. These Wallace pianofortes will open their eyes we rather expect, and inaugurate a new era there in the manufacture of pianofortes.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

## GAMBLING, LOVE, SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AND MARRIAGE!

THE marriage which is so much talked of as about to take place in the great world, and which is already officially announced, proves to be one of those unions with which the novels and plays of the last few years have made us acquainted, and which, until the present period of social history in France were totally unknown. The alliance contracted by noblemen and men of note with *lorettes* and other ladies, the public incidents of whose private lives have become notorious to the whole world, have greatly astonished us of late; so much so, indeed, that more than one of our philosophers have busied themselves in finding out the cause of such a sudden dismissal of an old established prejudice so deeply rooted in French minds. Some trace it to the facility with which large fortunes have been lost and won of late; others, to the bad effect of a certain class of literature, tending to create that laxity of morals, that indifference to public opinion, which lead to the exalting of those doctrines inculcated by the Epicurean philosophy of old, destroying the barrier which divided the good from the evil, and causing an utter confusion of the principles of right and wrong. Of such have been the "Dame aux Camellias," which has made the tour of Europe, the "Demi-Monde-Diane de Lys," and others, exhibiting scenes and personages which would never have found place upon the stage while good taste and purity presided.

The circumstances under which the marriage occupying us at the present moment has been accomplished are, however, quite out of the ordinary course of events, and lead the credulous to wonder, and the subtle to mistrust.

The young Marquis de D—, who had been busily employed during the last four years, ever since his coming of age, in expediting, as he called it, the princely fortune which his father left him, having been so active in this laudable employment as to injure his health by excess of labor, had been ordered to Ems, in the month of July last, in order to restore the strength and vigor necessary to complete the work he had so sedulously begun, and which, according to the rate at which he labored, he hoped to complete during the course of the ensuing winter. While at Ems, however, fearing to lose the happy knack he had acquired in Paris, and for the purpose of keeping his hand in, no doubt, he became an assiduous frequenter of the gambling table there, where, it would seem by the result, he not only lost his Napoleons by the hundred, but his heart also.

A lady was always seated at his right hand, silent, pale and melancholy, who played with patience and perseverance, but without apparent interest, and suffered the gold pieces to be shovelled from before her with the same sublime indifference as that displayed by our hero on the like occasions. A tender feeling of sympathy sprang up between the pair, which, although never ripening into intimacy, yet grew strong enough to cause such regret on the part of the Marquis, at the sudden departure of the lady from Ems, as to render the place utterly distasteful to him in his absence, and induce his own immediate departure likewise. He went to Wiesbaden. Here he fell in with the American miracle-monger, Home, who, staying with the great Polish family, Barinsky, was reposing on the laurels he had won in Paris, and gaining fresh fluid for winning more.

The Marquis was lonely and miserable. Torn from *roulette*, separated from the lady, exiled from Paris, no Parisian *oisif* was ever in such plight before. He had vapors—he had incomprehensible depression; he knew not what ailed him. He even wrote a quatrain on the Wilhelmstrasse by moonlight, which made him fear that his lungs were attacked—for it is marvellous how your Parisian *oisif* will cling to his useless breath of life, and with what extraordinary vigor he will defend it. In this extreme strait the Marquis confided his sorrows to the man of miracles, imploring a remedy, and requesting his familiar spirit to indicate the disease with which he was afflicted. Home declined to consult his household *imp*, for without assistance he could tell the malady. "You are about to fall in love," said he, solemnly; "your soul, tired of wandering alone upon this earth, is in search of its kindred soul, and will soon overtake it. Stay—let me see; where is it now abiding?" On Saturday, the 12th of September, that kindred soul will be in the church of St. Gervais, in Paris. You must go thither at seven o'clock in the evening; it is most likely you will meet it by seeking earnestly. I cannot see the shape it wears, and therefore cannot describe it. Go. Be on the spot at the time I have mentioned, and may God speed you on your errand!"

The Marquis was lost in this darkness and mystery. He had never reflected seriously for five minutes together in the whole course of his life, and now this one subject engrossed his whole thoughts. He resolved not to lose a moment, but to set about the discovery of his "better half" immediately, and therefore, starting off that very day, he set out for Paris. From the 2d of the month, the day of his arrival, did he haunt the church of St. Gervais like a tormented spirit; but vain were his researches amid the dark aisles and dimly lighted cloisters of the building; nothing more kindred to his soul than a few paled old women, or dumpy children, was ever to be seen. The day arrived at length. The Marquis took a hasty dinner at the *restaurant* nearest to the church (a very bad one), and established himself first of all as sentry at the door, to watch who entered; then, as chief devotee at the Virgin's altar at the bottom of the church; and then made a tour of the various chapels which occupy the side aisles, but nothing in the shape of a kindred spirit met his gaze. He waited until the service was over, instruction and all, but the sister soul appeared not, until, at length, he was about to depart, the last, as he imagined, in the church, when, standing by the font at the very entrance, he desisted, in the dim light, a female form. The Marquis bounded towards it; he felt sure that in this identical form was enshrined the kindred soul of which he was in search. As he approached, the lady, about to dip her fingers in the holy water of the font, the Marquis, who was ever to be seen, stooped to pick it up; she raised her veil to cross her forehead with the holy water—she turned to thank him—her eyes met. It was the sister spirit, sure enough—for its embodiment was that of the lady of the *lapis-vert* of Ems!

The Marquis was so astonished that he suffered the lady to withdraw without detaining her, and again had the search to recommence; but this time, guided by love, it brought a quicker result than before. He was not long in discovering the whereabouts of his fantastic flame, it being but too well known by all but himself. They say that the next time he beheld her was on the boards of the little Théâtre Beaumarchais, having, by dint of perseverance, discovered from Ems that she held an engagement there! The end of the story is—that the lady denied, upon her honor, ever having set her foot in St. Gervais during her whole life; and the moral—than the Marquis intends to bestow upon her his name and title in nine days from this time, the official announcement having been put up at his *Mairie* yesterday.

## LES JOLIES FEMMES DE PARIS.

There is to be a magnificent *bal costumé* at the hotel P—, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and great secrecy is maintained as to the disguise to be assumed by twelve members of the Jockey Club, who are to enter the ball-room in procession as the "Jolies Femmes de Paris." The curiosity and alarm of the ladies is not diverted so exceedingly, and every one belonging to the Marquis de D—, set will certainly be there. The *Jolies Femmes de Paris* will be attired in the first style of fashion. Their bonnets, dresses and the mantlets are all made by the most approved *faisannes*; crinolines are as wide and ample as the rage just now. They will enter through the folding doors of the ball-room two and two, hand in hand. As they walk round, bowing and smiling on all friends, the crinoline will gradually expand by a *mechanique* made for the purpose, until they assume such gigantic proportions that the whole company will have to crowd in the corners of the room, and the beaten crinolines of the present mode will be compelled to retire in shame and confusion before a mightier power than they.

## CURIOUS LITERATURE OF BULL-FIGHTS.

Bull fights in the Paris Hippodrome having been forbidden since a good-natured bull slightly wounded a pseudo-madador, the management has got up an exhibition of intelligent cows! The thing is as dreary as possible: not so M. Janin's critique on the exhibition. He tells us that the Hippodrome, at present, is what Magna Charta calls a *vaccaria*; the edicts of Charlemagne, a *vaccaria*; a receipt of Philippe Auguste, a *vaccaria*; "The Life of St. Kerouan," a *vaccarium*; and the Dictionary of the Academy, a *vacherie*. The trainer of the cows, says the critic, is a *vaccarino*, in common parlance, *cow-keeper*; the money received is a *vaccatium*; and the day on which the cows perform, a *vaccatura*. The critic implies that, if there is nothing to be learned at the exhibition, there shall be some learning in the criticism, which may be read, we suppose, during the *vaccatura*.

## MOSAIC ITEMS.

The brass statue of Kant (on a pedestal of marble) will soon be erected at Königsberg. Its separate parts are being joined in the studio of Professor Rauch at Berlin, and the whole, it is expected, cannot fail to make a striking effect. Brazen statues to Kant would be appropriate in every part of the globe. We could locate several advantageously in our midst.

A literal translation of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" will be represented at the Odéon, Paris, in December. The translator is M. Emile Deschamps. The piece will be preceded by "Introduction," or "Overture."

A letter from M. Gustave Vaez gives some curious details concerning the fourth act of the music of the "Favorito," by Donizetti: "M. Alphonse Royer and myself were charged to prepare the libretto, and being naturally anxious

to come to an understanding with Donizetti on the subject, we asked him what his views were on the point. 'I have written,' said he, 'the score of many an opera in Italy, but, on account of the censorship, I never was able to carry out any idea which formerly occurred to me, but which I can do now. Write me any libretto you like, provided you place in the last act a nursery, religious chants, and great affliction.' This last act, consequently, was our starting point, and in place of seeking for the denouement of a story, we had to invent a story to suit the denouement named to us. I may add that the admirable music of the fourth act was almost an improvisation on the part of Donizetti, for the whole of it was written by him in a single night. M. Royer and I delivered him the words of the fourth act one evening, and the next morning the composer gave the whole of the music to be copied—choruses, scenes of recitative, romance, duo, and finale, all were composed during the single night!"

M. Gounod, the composer, the author of "Sappho," "The Bleeding Nun," and the choruses of "Ulysses," is for the present deranged. His friends have sent him to Dr. Blanche's lunatic asylum at Passy. The Queen is about to confer the honor of knighthood on Mr. Thomas Deane, of Cork, by whom the Manchester Exhibition was projected. The officer in charge of the recently-received Indian mail made an entirely unprecedented journey between Paris and London, performing the distance in eight hours and three-quarters.

## LITERATURE.

LOOMIS' ILLUMINATED CLASSICS. New York: Brown, Loomis & Co., 15 Dutch street.

We have received Vol. I of the "Loomis' Illustrated Classics." It contains the "Chanticleer, a Thanksgiving Story," by Cornelius Mathews. This story of Thanksgiving is a very charming picture of American life, and simple, rural habits. The scene is laid in an old homestead, the occasion Thanksgiving Day, and the incidents the gathering round the paternal board of all the members of Patriarch Peabody's family. One alone is not expected—the younger son. A blight is upon his name; and all but his mother, his betrothed, and the old negro slave Mopsy, believe in his blood-guiltiness. The patriarch is a noble character—grand in his simplicity, beautiful in his charity, and impressive in his lifetime experience, which age has mellowed and religion sublimed. Several characters of his children, and his children's children, and his household, are contrasted with much skill, and with a nice perception of personal idiosyncrasies. The humor is genial, and the pathos natural and unaffected. The denouement is managed somewhat melodramatically, but it touches our sympathies, and we coincide with its justice. It is charmingly written, and is every way deserving of the extensive popularity it has obtained. The illustrations by Darley are in his best style, and the work is in every way admirably brought out by Messrs. Brown and Loomis. We wish this series of classics every success.

## MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The operatic matinee given by the management on Saturday last was an experiment, and proved a most gratifying success. The programme consisted of selections from operas, and a concert in which *Vieuxtemps* performed. Although given in the day time, the interest in the scene seemed felt by all. There were nearly fourteen hundred ladies present; a large number of them came from the country. We are inclined to think that as soon as these matinees become generally known they will be immensely popular. We do not exaggerate when we say that there are hundreds of families living but a few miles from the city who are now deprived of the pleasure of attending the opera, in consequence of the want of accommodation from the railroads—no trains leaving the city after eight o'clock in the evening. These morning operas, commencing at two P.M., will enable them to reach the city, hear all the musical novelties, and return by the five o'clock trains. Every publicity should be given by the management to this most excellent and popular undertaking, for we know, from personal observation, that it only need to be well known to be liberally patronized by out of town families.

The second matinee was given on Thursday, with equal success, and the third will be given early in December.

The concert on Sunday evening last was well attended, in spite of the most unfavorable weather.

CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the present season takes place at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, Nov. 21st. The programme is one of rare interest, and we need hardly say that the performance will be one of the highest merit, for the well-known excellence of the Philharmonic orchestra is sufficient guarantee of that. Mr. Theo. Eisfeld conducts the concert, and that is an additional guarantee. We trust that our musical people will turn out strong upon the occasion, for the Philharmonic is the Society of America, and should be liberally supported.

OPERATIC MATINEES.—Mr. Ullman has inaugurated opera matinees at the Academy of Music. The first matinee was given last Saturday at two o'clock, and consisted of selections from "Lucia" and "Il Barbiere," and a concert in which Henri *Vieuxtemps* performed. These matinees are destined to become popular.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—This new Society, formed upon the plan of our old Philharmonic Society, gave its first concert on Saturday evening last at the Athenaeum Rooms. The programme contained a first-class selection; the orchestra consisted of the picked men of our Society, and the whole was directed by Mr. Theodore Eisfeld, a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the performance. Who says that the Brooklyn people cannot furnish amusement for themselves?

## DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The grand spectacular drama "The Sea of Ice" has made a real and striking success. The perfect manner in which it is produced, the ingenious mechanical effects, the fairy-like atmospheric illusion, the beautiful scenery, the gorgeous and appropriate costumes, and last, though by no means the least, the admirable acting of the talented company, have produced a sensation in the public mind that spreads from circle to circle. The attendance has largely increased, so much so, indeed, that we are inclined to think that neither the manager nor the company will complain of the hardness of the times.

Miss Laura Keene has added new laurels to her crown of fame by her inimitable performance of the peculiar character allotted to her in the drama of "The Sea of Ice." Her genius rises with the occasion, and we may say, without exaggeration, that we have rarely seen acting more admirably and entirely true to nature. Mr. Johnson was exceedingly humorous, and Mr. Jordan, as the villain, was exceedingly good. This effective drama will, in all probability, run two or three weeks yet.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—Mr. McKean Buchanan concluded a short but successful engagement at this establishment on the 14th inst. Since his last appearance among us he has gained experience and some finish. His acting has proved generally acceptable, and though his merits are less than his friends claim for him, they are greater than his detractors would make out. Mr. Buchanan is a fair actor, and has more claim to the position of a "star" than nine-tenths of those who flood the country with their pretensions.

Mr. Charles Mathews has returned to resume his career of popularity so auspiciously begun. His success in Boston and in Philadelphia, during the worst part of our financial crisis, has been something to marvel at. He attracted really large audiences, and has gained the unanimous approbation of the public and the press. Mr. Mathews will play a round of the characters he has made so popular here, and will, we have no doubt, play a brilliant engagement.

NIMROD'S GARDEN.—The union of the famous and popular Gabriel with the rest of the Ravel family has proved the most decided hit of the season. The crysils which welcomed his return taxed the utmost capacity of the building, and the enthusiasm of his reception was a worthy greeting from the public to an old and esteemed favorite. The union will be preserved, and the joint attractions will continue in all their popular features. The Ravel Family, with Gabriel Ravel and the beautiful Kolla, with her ballet company, offer an attraction that the public cannot resist.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—All who have not visited these old favorites in their new building, should take the earliest opportunity of doing so. The new hall is a beautiful hall; elegant, commodious, and most admirably ventilated. Large as it is, it has about it an air of comfort that is most attractive. The minstrelsy is as admirable as ever, and their new piece, "Peter Piper Pepper Podge," is screamingly funny, and is an immense success.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The dramatic company of the Museum is now in excellent working condition. Mrs. Charles Howard has already become a leading favorite with the audiences of this establishment. Mr. Watkins is also highly popular both as manager and actor. The selection of pieces is varied and excellent, and cannot fail to prove attractive. The wonders of the Aquarium are still to be seen, together with countless curious and instructive things.

OLYMPIC (555 BROADWAY).—Frederick's clever band of Minstrels still occupy the Olympic (late Buckley's). Though but recently organized, their performances are most excellent. The members are many of them tried favorites with the public, and understand thoroughly the public wants. The entertainments presented by them are really amusing, full of broad humor and genuine fun. We commend them to the patronage of the public.

EMPIRE HALL (506 BROADWAY).—Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages, magnificently illustrated and vividly described, are still on exhibition at the Empire Hall. We have spoken of this delightful exhibition before, but we again assure our readers that it will amply repay the trouble of a visit. The audiences, which are very numerous, are composed of the most intelligent of the community,

and there is but one opinion among them as to the surpassing interest of the exhibition.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.—This interesting Gallery of Paintings is now open to the public at the old Art Union Rooms, 497 Broadway. Every one should see this Gallery, and as it is announced to close on the 1st of December, no time should be lost.

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART.—This Gallery of Paintings is opened to the public at the rooms of the Academy of Design in Tenth street, one door east of Broadway. There are some glorious pictures here, and the water color department is full of admirable specimens. Our readers should pay this Gallery a visit.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

QUITE an excitement was created last week in London, Ohio, by the appearance of a well-dressed, stalwart negro, bringing with him a delicate and evidently weak-minded white girl, who had eloped with him. They were about to be married, when the landlord of the hotel at which they stopped interfered, turned the negro away, and sent the deluded girl back to her friends.

A superbly equipped carriage, costing two thousand dollars, has been completed at Philadelphia for Postmaster-General A. Y. Brown.

Mr. Daniel Greene, of Colbrook, killed on the 28th ult. a large porcupine, weighing twelve and a half pounds—an animal quite a stranger in those parts. When first discovered, he took to a tree, but thinking it was a con, young Greene shook him off and his dog seized him. It was a case of misplaced confidence on the part of the dog. The first bite filled his mouth and jaws so full of the quills, that he could not shut his mouth together again, and after such efforts as could be made for his relief, he was killed to put him out of his misery.

Miss White was married at Lancaster, Pa., last week, and the same evening a band of "Calithumpians," headed by her brother, a lad of fifteen years, came around to give her a serenade. The musicians were invited in, when young White drank so much whiskey that he fell in a stupor and was dead the next morning.

A penalty of twenty-four per cent. interest per annum can be collected in Massachusetts upon every bank bill offered for specie and rejected.

A Mrs. Snyder, residing near McGayheysville, Va., one day last week suddenly fell down, apparently dead. The necessary burial clothes were procured, and while her friends were engaged in dressing her, in the habiliments of the grave, she politely requested them to wait until she was dead! It is needless to say that her request was cheerfully complied with. She is now rapidly improving.

Mr. Allibone, the late President of the Pennsylvania Bank, resigned that office some three weeks since, on the plea of ill health. It is now alleged in the affidavit of the Directors that he has absquated with \$200,000 of funds belonging to the Bank.

Mr. Clark, who was killed at the Chicago fire, has held a policy of life insurance for \$3,000 in the Massachusetts Mutual. It expired on Thursday before the fire. The agent, meeting him in the street, reminded him that such was the case, and advised him to renew it at once. On Saturday, Mr. Clark was again reminded that he had better allow no delay. "I will be my own insurer till Monday." On that day he was dead.

The citizens of the town of Nombre de Dios, Zacatecas, Mexico, were attacked about the latter part of last month by a party of banditti, composed of about thirty men, supposed to be *Rancheros*. These ruffians bound them with cords and carried away over \$20,000 in money.

Over a million bushels of wheat is now afloat on the lakes, on the way to Buffalo.

At Old Camp, Colorado, Brown county, Texas, on the 21st of November, a difficulty occurred between two brothers named Watts, on the one part, and a father and son on the other. Firearms were used, and George Watts and the younger Holland were killed on the spot. John Watts was mortally wounded, and died in a week afterwards.

Bartholemew, the sculptor, now in Boston, has sold his famous statue of Eve to an American gentleman for \$5,000. It will be brought from Rome in the spring. Mr. Bartholemew was formerly a resident of Hartford.

The Wakulla (Florida) Times of the 14th of October says, that a gentleman residing at Attapulgus, Ga., recently received a large sum of money. He was soon afterwards obliged to leave home on business, and on the evening of his departure two negroes came to the house, and demanded of his wife to be shown where the money was, under a penalty of death. She complied, and they demanded some supper, which the lady furnished them, putting, however, a quantity of strychnine into their coffee. In a few minutes they were both dead, when it was ascertained that they were both white men, and near neighbors in disguise, who had been aware of her husband having received the money as before stated.

The Provisional Government of Nicaragua have issued a decree summarily expelling from the country every American who had sided with Walker.

The Canadian papers state that lumber, the great staple of Lower Canada, has been falling in price since August, and the sale is very dull, although 600,000 tons of shipping have reached Quebec this year, against 470,000 last year.

The Court of Appeals in Kentucky, in the case of Winslow v. Woodward et al., and same v. Phillips & Jordan et al., which were appealed from the Kenton Circuit Court some time since, have within a few days decided that the rolling stock, &c., of a railroad cannot be subjected to levy and sale under an execution. The decision was given in suits begun by Winslow, as mortgagee of the Covington and Lexington Railroad Company, of which he bought some of the stock at an execution sale, and enjoined him from removing the same. It was stated in the plaintiff's petition that if the property in question was removed, the railroad must become useless, and he, the mortgagee, become irreparably injured, as not only were the cars, &c., of the railroad mortgaged to him, but the tolls and income generally.

A wealthy and charitable gentleman of Philadelphia distributes, at his own expense, 800 loaves of bread per week to the poor. This is an example worthy of imitation.

Mr. Robert I. Church, of Industry, recently had a severe encounter with a bear in the vicinity of Moohead Lake. Mr. Church was on his way home from the woods, where he had been engaged in logging operations, and discovering a moose, he discharged his gun at him, when he was suddenly confronted by a large bear, who instantly sprang upon him, with his mouth wide open. He had not a moment for reflection, nor time to use his piece, had it been loaded, but his presence of mind did not forsake him. As the bear came toward him he dropped his rifle and thrust his fist into his mouth, grappling with all the energy of despair, the roots of his tongue. In this manner Bruin rolled and tumbled for some moments, evidently striving to get clear of his antagonist, who held on for dear life. At last the bear drew up his hind legs, and with tremendous force kicked his assailant twenty feet from him, sending his clothes into shreds. He did not renew the attack, but made off, evidently dissatisfied with that mode of assault.

The marine losses for October show an aggregate of forty-two, the total value of which was \$563,390.

Two negroes lately died in Georgia, from swallowing a small quantity of shoe blacking. The corner stone of the Homeopathic creed is "*similia similibus curantur*;" but in this instance it killed instead of cured. Blacking is not good for blacks.

A singular marriage lately took place in Wilkes county, N.C. A man named Holloway married his stepmother, the second wife and widow of his own father. She had six children, three by his father and three by himself, and having nine children of his own, the couple set up housekeeping with fifteen children.

It is stated in the papers that, in Wisconsin and Illinois, corn standing in the field is offered at an average of ten cents a bushel.

A singular marriage took place in Litchfield, Ky., on the 12th ult., by Judge Val. Yates—Joan Robert Wells to Miss Emeline James Grayson. The bride is twenty-three years old, thirty-six inches high, and weighs forty-five pounds. The bridegroom is six feet high, weighs one hundred pounds, and is thirty-five years of age. The parents of the bride are wealthy.

Levi Sumrall died in Clarke county, Miss., on the 21st ult., leaving fifty-nine grand children, one hundred and twenty-seven great grandchildren, and two great great grandchildren. Besides his own children, all now living in the county of Clarke, he has also had twenty-two grandchildren who died before him.

Thackeray, the novelist, has given £1,000 to the Indian relief fund.

It is stated that Mr. Davis, the great horserace speculator, had bet Mr. Ten Broeck the enormous odds of \$20,000 against \$100 that he could not win the double event of the Czarowitch and Cambridgeshire stakes.

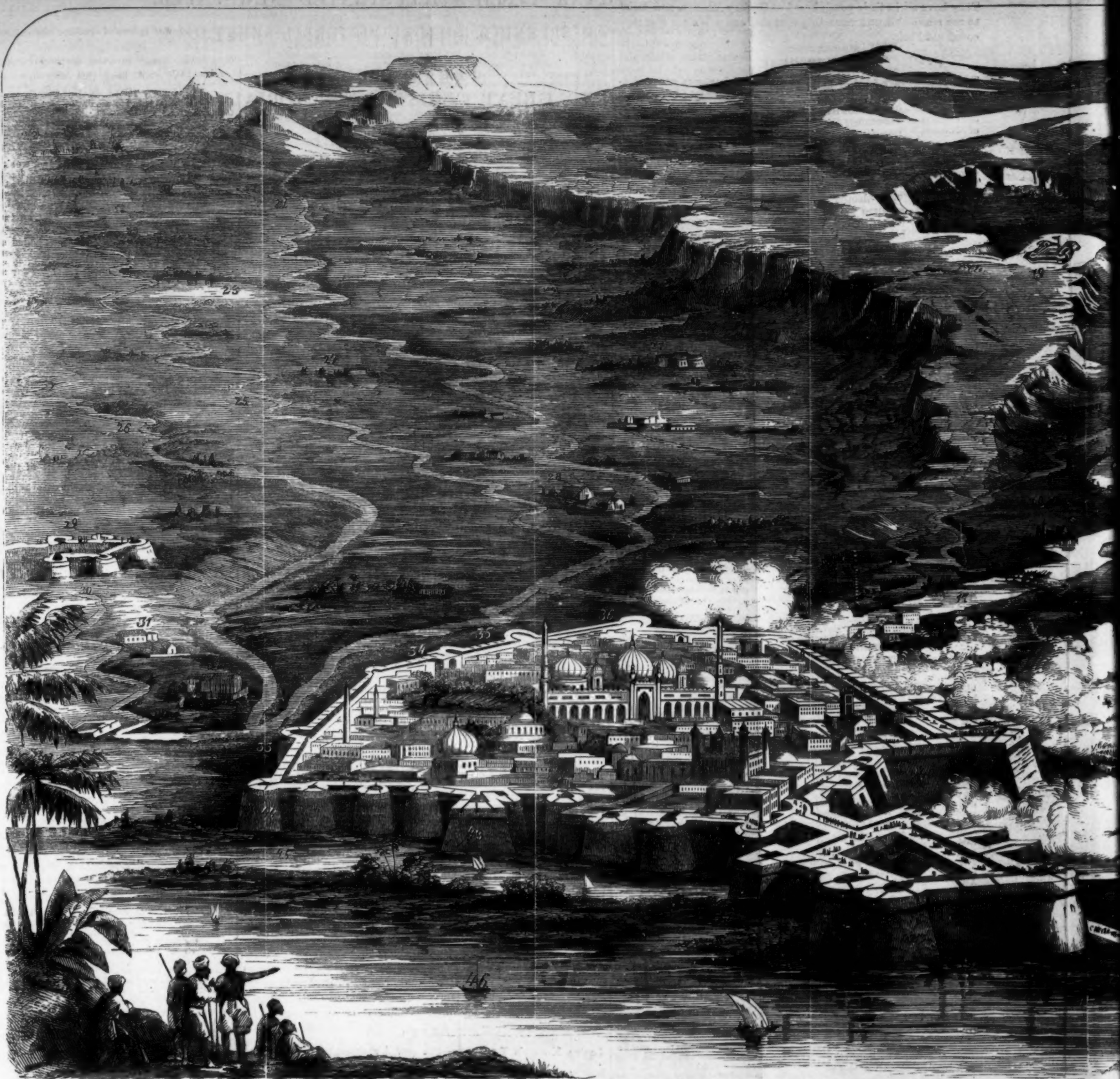
A car has been placed on the New York Central Railroad, so arranged as to be used as an ordinary passenger car in the daytime, while at night it can, as if by magic, be converted into couch beds, and capable, under this arrangement, of accommodating fifty-six persons. It then has three tiers of berths on each side.

A man named Lefevre, a wealthy sugar planter of Lafourches, La., died recently without issue, leaving an estate of \$700,000. Half was left to a nephew, and half to a broker in New Orleans, who had transacted Lefevre's business. The broker was astonished to find himself the recipient of \$350,000, but he refused to receive the money on such terms; so he went before a notary public and renounced the whole legacy, making it over in favor of the relatives of the deceased in France, consisting of nephews and nieces, to the number of twenty or thirty, and all humbly situated in life. It seems the deceased had previously made a will, in which his French relatives were handsomely remembered, but on returning from a visit to them, not long ago, for some reason known only to himself, he tore the will to pieces, and wrote a new one.



**THE HERON AND THE SWAN.**—An old fisherman one day related to us a curious anecdote of a heron. Pulling quietly down the lake one morning in a boat with one of his sons, to look at the trimmers he had set overnight, he was struck by the unusual circumstance of seeing a heron rise from the water, reach a certain height, and then suddenly fall to the water again; this was repeated two or three times before they reached the spot, and accompanied by much struggling, and the cries peculiar to the bird. When they came to the place, they found that the heron was hooked, and that a fine pike, of about five or six pounds weight, lay on the surface of the water at the head of the trimmer. Taking hold of the line they began to haul the bird in, but the nearer it came, the greater its struggles and cries; and at last it attacked the son, striking him on the side of the head with its long beak, and drawing blood. However, it was in time secured, and brought away alive. It appears that the heron had struck the fish after it had taken the bait, and in eating it had extricated the bait to which the hook was fixed, and swallowed both together. Rising on the wing to escape, it could reach no further than the length of the line, and was consequently forced back again. The following singular case of voracity occurred many years since: A swan was observed in the same position on the water for several hours; on going to it, its head was found fast wedged in the mouth of a very large pike, and both were dead. The swan, while searching for food beneath the surface of the water, had been struck by the pike, and as its head, in consequence of the peculiar formation of the pike's teeth, could not be disgorged, the one had suffocated the other.

PLEASANT enough was the magnanimity of the person, who, being reproached with not having avenged himself of a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."



THE CAPTURE OF DELHI. PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF DELHI AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY

THE city of Delhi has fallen, and again the flag of England waves in triumph from its ancient walls. The city was originally fortified by the native princes, but it was made infinitely stronger by plans of English engineers, and furnished by the most effective munitions of modern warfare. All these advantages fell into the possession of the artillerymen of the sepoys, men who were pronounced the flower of the Bengal army. The British line of defence included the heights occupied by their encampment, and the country necessary to include the cumbersome material of an Indian army. The fortifications of Delhi were a little more than seven miles in circumference, and were pronounced by an officer of the Crimea to be another Sebastopol. The city was originally built on two rocky eminences, the walls were constructed of red sandstone, averaging thirty feet high. There were several colossal arched gates, defended by round bulwarks, all built of freestone.

The palace or residence of the king, proclaimed by the sepoys, was built by Shah Jehan, and is by far the most magnificent structure of the kind in India, being a mile and a half in circuit. It is situated on the bank of the Jumna. Another remarkable building is the Jamma Mosque, of the Byzantine and Arabic style, and considered by the Mahomedans the wonder of the world. At the two extreme corners rise minarets one hundred and fifty feet high, between them two lofty domes. The building will be observed to form a prominent object in our panoramic view. The population of the city, under ordinary circumstances, is two hundred and fifty thousand. This number was greatly increased at the time of the recent assault by the British troops, as Delhi became a kind of central point, not only for disaffected native soldiers, but for fanatics from all the surrounding country.

The city, after a painful delay of many weeks, was stormed by the British troops and their allies, the Sikhs, Afghans and Ghooraks, on the morning of September the 14th, and the northern part of the city was taken. On the 16th the magazine was stormed, and on the 20th the whole city was captured and occupied by the victorious troops.

The attack was made with four columns, one of which, the Cashmere contingent, was repulsed, the other three were successful. An entrance was first effected at the Cashmere gate (No. 39, see view), the troops then advanced along the ramparts towards the Delhi canal, until they reached the main bastion and Cabul gate (No. 37).

The resistance on the part of the mutineers was very obstinate,

1. Chunda wall.
2. Left wing.
3. Centre.
4. Right.
5. English batteries shelling the city.
6. Custom House.
7. Artillery in British cantonments.
8. Infantry.

the British losing six hundred men and fifty officers. When the king found the fortune of the day was against him, with his sons he fled disguised in woman's clothing. The slaughter among the sepoys is supposed to be very great; a large number escaped from the city, whom the English cavalry pursued in order to destroy the fugitives. In his orders of assault General Wilson stated that no quarter should be given to the sepoys, but that the women and children should be spared.

On the 11th a mortar battery opened on the Moree from Koodsea Bagh, at a little more than three hundred yards, and upon the Cashmere or water bastions a fire was commenced from sixteen heavy guns and howitzers and ten large mortars, planted at two points in front of the enclosure known as Ludlow's castle. On the 12th the attack on the water bastion was strengthened by four eighteen-pounders planted within two hundred and fifty yards of the Custom House compound near the river. During these days the loss of the British does not appear severe, considering the proximity of the batteries to the walls and the tenacity of the defence. By the 13th the Cashmere bastion (No. 39) was in ruins, and had long ceased to return a shot to the fire which was continually kept up upon it. The adjoining curtains on either side were also ruined, and from the debris of the Moree bastion (No. 38) only a light gun or two at intervals replied to the heavy shot and shell that were poured into it.

On the morning of the 14th, soon after daybreak, the assault took place. The main point of attack was the breach at the Cashmere bastion (No. 39). One column, however, consisting of Ghooraks and the newly-arrived Jummo contingent, was directed to make a diversion by attacking the Kishengunge

9. Signal tower.
10. Old mosque.
11. Burial ground.
12. Drain.
13. Old Sapper lines.
14. Dukha.
15. Road to Kurnal.
16. Najiddefoir.

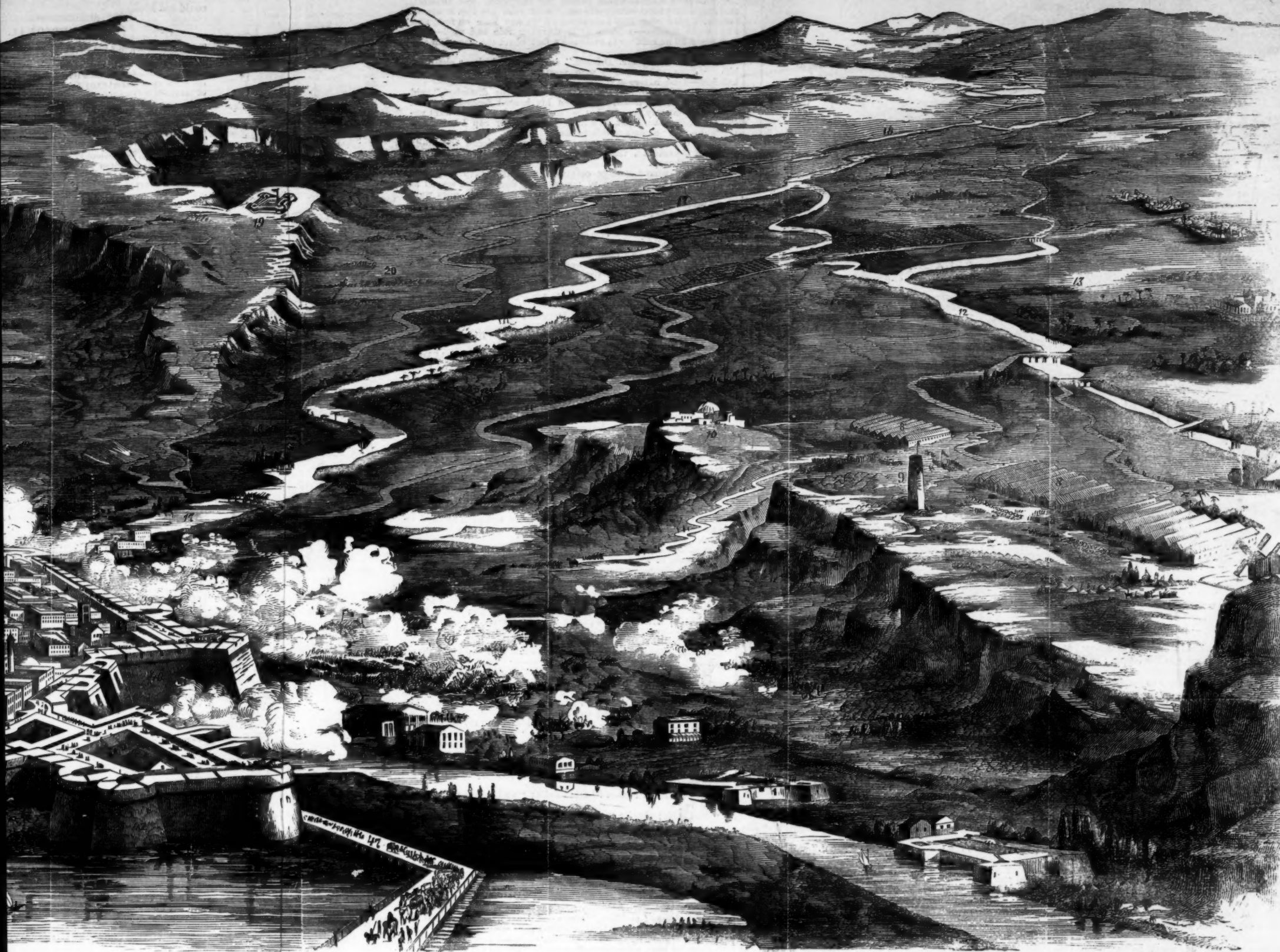
17. Delhi canal.
18. Road to Kurnal.
19. Fort.
20. Nullah.
21. Road to Gurkason.
22. Ruins of ancient Delhi.
23. Water tank.
24. Rajah Roe Bazaar.

25. T.
26. T.
27. C.
28. N.
29. O.
30. T.
31. L.
32. J.



THE NATIVE DAWK RUNNERS DESPATCHED WITH THE





CITY OF DELHI AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY; ASSAULTED BY THE BRITISH TROOPS ON THE 14TH OF SEPTEMBER, AND CARRIED BY STORM.

- 17. Delhi canal.
- 18. Road to Kurnal.
- 19. Fort.
- 20. Nullah.
- 21. Road to Gurkoon.
- 22. Ruins of ancient Delhi.
- 23. Water tank.
- 24. Rajah Res Barrar.

- 25. To Kootub major.
- 26. To Kootub minor.
- 27. Old Eidgah.
- 28. Nubba Sahib.
- 29. Old Fort.
- 30. To Agra.
- 31. Lunatic asylum.
- 32. Jail.

- 33. Delhi gate.
- 34. Turkman gate.
- 35. Agmore gate.
- 36. Lahore gate.
- 37. Cabool gate.
- 38. Moree gate.
- 39. CASHMERE GATE, where the English entered.
- 40. Main guard.

- 41. Calcutta gate.
- 42. Selim Chur fort.
- 43. Nahwab bastion.
- 44. Wellesley bastion.
- 45. Branch of the river Jumna.
- 46. River Jumna.
- 47. Bridge of boats and road to Meerut, with sepoy troops retreating out of the city.



THE NATIVE DAWK RUNNERS DESPATCHED WITH THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF DELHI.

**POPE SIXTUS V.**, when cardinal, counterfeited sickness and all the infirmities of age so well as to deceive the whole conclave. His name was Montalto; both parties supposed that he would not live a year, and on a division for the vacant apostolic chair he was elected. The moment he had won the desired power he threw away his crutches and began to sing the *Te Deum* with a much stronger voice than the electors had bargained for; and instead of walking with a tottering step, marched into their presence with a firm gait and perfectly upright. On some one commenting on this sudden change, he replied, "While I was looking for the keys of St. Peter it was necessary to stoop, but having found them, the case is altered."

**EXTENSIVE FORGERIES IN MISSOURI.**—The *Barnville Observer* alleges that extensive forgeries have lately been perpetrated in that place by a person by the name of Norris. The *Observer* says: Those who loaned Norris money upon notes with forged endorsements are, so far as we have heard, citizens of this country. The sufferers comprise the estate of widows and orphans, as well as many of our most wealthy and cautious capitalists, the aggregate losses of which are estimated from \$40,000 to \$50,000. His debts in the East for the purchase of goods it is supposed will be between \$20,000 and \$30,000. The value of his assets is estimated from \$20,000 to \$25,000.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave "Success to forgery."

suburb, which lies outside the Lahore gate (No. 36) on the western side of the city, and, if it succeeded in carrying the suburb, to assault the gate itself. But the suburb was occupied by the enemy in force, with a battery of heavy guns. The Cashmerian troops behaved indifferently, and in spite of the efforts of the brave Ghorkas, the column was repulsed. Its commanding officer, Major Reid, of the Sirmoor battalion, is among the wounded of the day; on the northern side of the city all went well. The troops entered at the breach with no serious opposition, and spreading to the left and right occupied the "whole line of defences from the Water bastion to the Cabul gate (No. 37), including the Cashmere gate and bastion, the Moree gate and bastion, the English church, Skinner's house, and the grounds about." The principal loss sustained by the assailants was due to the obstinate resistance they met with in clearing their way along the ramparts to the Cabul gate, and afterwards in an attempt to penetrate beyond that point into the denser parts of the city in the direction of the Jumma Musjid. Brigadier-General Nicholson was wounded, with many other officers.

Of the loss of the mutineers no estimate is given. It is said that large bodies of them were retreating both to the south of the city in the direction of Kootub, and also across the bridge of boats (No. 47), and that our cavalry had moved round the city to intercept and destroy the former. The victorious infantry, prudently recalled from too hasty an advance into the close lanes of the city, occupied the comparatively open space inside the Cashmere gate, and the walls which they had won upon either side of it. Preparations were at once made for shelling the enemy out of the palace, the Selimghur, and the

other strong places of the city, and the firing commenced next morning, the 16th. By the evening of that day a breach was effected in the wall of the magazine enclosure, which was held in force by the enemy, and the place was stormed the next morning. In it were captured one hundred and twenty-five pieces of cannon. The palace being now well exposed, the guns and mortars opened upon it from the magazine enclosure, and the enemy appears to have fallen back at all points. Thus the Kishengunge battery, which had repulsed the Jumna troops, were abandoned and occupied, and the guns there taken swelled the total number of captured pieces to upwards of two hundred. The battery on the further side of the river seems also to have been abandoned, and at the date of the latest certain and official news—7 p.m. on the 16th—an attack on the magazine had been repulsed, a chain of posts had been established from the Cabul gate to the magazine, and the enemy some hours before daylight had been maintaining only a detached and desultory warfare from the tops of the houses. Many townspeople had come in and received quarter, which was of course refused to every sepoy.

In connection with our large engraving, we give a spirited view of the "Indian runners," who have always been, from the earliest times, famous for their fleetness of limb. At this time they are again of importance, from the fact that the mutineers have destroyed all the telegraph lines, thus making the British dependent on these men for the prompt delivery of news. These footmen have always been more expeditious than those who use horses, tiring down the best animals, and coming in ahead. It is a little singular that at the time India was perfectly at peace, the "bazaar news," as it was generally termed, brought by these native expressmen, generally anticipated in Calcutta even the telegraph news, and was more reliable than any other. At the time Cortes entered Mexico, he found that Monteruma had in his employment Indian runners so expert that they could convey fish fresh from Vera Cruz to the capital—and among all semi-savage people the facilities of conveying news seem to be more perfect than we find their other accomplishments.

Among the more recent instances of cruelty practised by the sepoys upon helpless women and children, it is to be found the case of the young wife of a warrant officer, gentle and fair, who had taken refuge, with her three children, in the cellar of a house to which she and one of her aunts had fled for safety. On the first outbreak of the mutiny her husband was absent from Delhi. Of





PLAN OF THE CITY OF DELHI.

her babes the eldest was only four years old; and she told how patiently they lay till night, stifling their sobs in her bosom; and how, when morning came, she heard the footsteps of men in riot above and around her, and the tramp of feet on the staircase of her hiding-place. A postern-door led her out on the strand, and here she was met by two Mahomedan soldiers, who stripped her of all she had. She hoped then that they would allow her to flee with her children, but she was told that she must go before the King. They dragged her back through the college garden, under the walls of the palace. Within was tumult and a scene of demoniac orgy from which even imagination recoils. A flash close enough to scorch her, a sharp blow, and she fell to the earth, holding in her arms a dying infant, pierced through by the same bullet which had ploughed its way through her own side. Faint with loss of blood she long lay there; at last, in baby tones she so well knew, she heard her little ones murmur, "We will come and die with mamma," and their tiny hands tenderly nursed her drooping head, as she had often before nursed theirs; but, as they crept around her, a savage seized her eldest born—the little throat hardly needed so sharp and heavy a sword—one blow, and the babbling voice was hushed for ever. There was one yet left her. Uncomplainingly she had pressed closer to the bleeding mother's bosom, whose glazing eyes were riveted on this, her last. Again the stroke descended—not fatal yet. For six long hours "Water, water!" fainter and fainter yet, till the little mutilated face was hushed at last. A moulvie had watched her, and when night closed in, and when all was quiet once more in that noisy place, he came like the good Samaritan and poured oil on her wounds, and laid her on a bed and carried her to his home. The women of his house tended her, and fed and clothed her, as one of themselves. Slowly strength came again, and the stream of life flowed on, not at all bitter, for she hoped that, though her children had been taken from her, her husband might be still living; and she hopes on, and refuses to believe that she is utterly bereft. She tells of panics in the city—of the discouragement of the sepoys at their uniform ill success. At length the women of the house obtained leave on a high festival to go to a tomb and pray; and, veiled as a Moslem, she passed the gates in their company. She had been able to communicate with some of the Afghan allies, many of whom pass freely to and from the city. It was planned that at dark one of these should come to the mosque and guide her to the English camp. They left it together. Twice she was nearly discovered by patrols, but in early morning they found themselves safe. At first she was taken for a spy, but soon overcame all difficulties, and was received with that hospitality and sympathy from her countrymen her great sufferings demanded.

## DAVENPORT DUNN:

A MAN OF OUR DAY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LOBBEQUE," &c., &c.

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### CHAPTER XVIII.—SOME DOINGS OF MR. DRISCOLL.

"THERE it is, Bella," said Kellett, as he entered the cottage at nightfall, and threw a sealed letter on the table. "I hadn't the courage to open it. A fellow came into the office and said, 'Is one Kellett here?' This is a letter from Mr. Davenport Dunn." He was Mister, and I was one Kellett. Wasn't I low enough when I couldn't say a word to it?—wasn't I down in the world when I had to hear it in silence?"

"Shall I read it for you?" said she, gently.

"Do, darling; but before you begin, give me a glass of whiskey-and-water. I want courage for it, and something tells me, Bella, I'll need courage too."

"Come, come, papa, this is not like yourself; this is not the old Albuera spirit you are so justly proud of."

"Five-and-thirty years' hard struggling with the world never improved a man's pluck. There wasn't a fellow in the Buffs had more life in him than Paul Kellett. It was in general orders never to sell

my traps or camp-furniture when I was reported missing; for, as General Paek said, 'Kellett is sure to turn up to-morrow or the day after.' And look at me now!" cried he, bitterly; "and as to selling me out, they don't show me much mercy, Bella, do they?"

She made no reply, but slowly proceeded to break the seal of the letter.

"What a hurry ye're in to read bad news," cried he, peevishly; "can't you wait till I finish this?" And he pointed to the glass, which he sipped slowly, like one wishing to linger over it.

A half-melancholy smile was all her answer, and he went on: "I'm as sure of what's in that letter there as if I read it. Now, mark my words, and I'll just tell you the contents of it. Kellett's Court is sold, the first sale confirmed, and the master's report on your poor mother's charge is unfavorable. There's not a perch of the old estate left us, and we're neither more nor less than beggars. There it is for you in plain English."

"Let us learn the worst at once, then," said she, resolutely, as she opened the letter.

"Who told you that was the worst?" broke he in, angrily. "The worst isn't over for the felon in the dock when the Judge has finished the sentence, there's the 'drop' to come, after that."

"Father, father!" cried she, pitifully, "be yourself again. Remember what you said the other night, that if we had poor Jack back again you'd not be afraid to face life in some new world beyond the seas, and care little for hardships or humble fortune if we could only be together."

"I was dreaming, I suppose," muttered he, doggedly.

"No; you were speaking out of the fulness of your love and affection; you were showing me how little the accidents of fortune touch the happiness of those resolved to walk humbly, and that once divested of that repining spirit which was ever recalling the past, we should confront the life before us more light of heart than we have felt for many a year."

"I wonder what put it in my head," muttered he, in the same despondent tone.

"Your own stout heart put it there. You were recalling what young Conway was telling us about poor Jack's plans and projects; and how, when the war was over, he'd get the Sultan to grant him a patch of land close to the Bosphorus, where he'd build a little kiosk for us all, and we'd grow our own corn and have our own vines and fig-trees, seeking for nothing but what our own industry should give us."

"Dreams, dreams!" said he, sighing drearily. "You may read the letter now." And she began:

"Sir,—By direction of Mr. Davenport Dunn I have to acquaint you that the Commissioners, having overruled the objections submitted by him, will on Tuesday next proceed to the sale of the lands of Kellett's Court, Grestown, and Kilmaganny, free of all charges and encumbrances thereon, whether by marriage settlement—"

"I told you—that's just what I was saying," burst in Kellett; "there's not sixpence left us!"

She ran hurriedly over to herself the tiresome intricacies that followed till she came to the end, where a brief postscript ran:

"As your name is amongst those to be reduced in consequence of the late Treasury order regarding the Customs, Mr. Dunn hopes you will lose no time in providing yourself with another employment, to which end he will willingly contribute any aid in his power."

A wild, hysterical burst of laughter broke from Kellett as she ceased.

"Isn't there any more good news, Bella? Look over it carefully, darling, and you'll surely discover something else."

The terrible expression of his face shocked her, and she could make no reply.

"I'll wager a crown, if you search well, you'll see something about sending me to jail, or, may be, transporting me. Who's that knocking at the door there?" cried he, angrily, as a very loud noise resounded through the little cottage.

"'Tis a gentleman without wants to speak to the master," said the old woman, entering.

"I'm engaged, and can't see anybody," rejoined Kellett, sternly.

"He says it's the same if he could see Miss Bella," reiterated the old woman.

"He can't, then; she's engaged too."

The woman still lingered at the door, as if she expected some change of purpose.

"Don't you hear me?—don't you understand what I said?" cried he, passionately.

"Tell him that your master cannot see him," said Bella.

"If I don't make too bold—if it's not too free of me—maybe you'd excuse the liberty I'm taking," said a man, holding the door slightly open, and projecting a round-bullet head and a very red face into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Driscoll," cried Bella. "Mrs. Hawkshaw's brother,

papa," whispered she, quietly, to her father, who, notwithstanding the announcement, made no sign.

"If Captain Kellett would pardon my intrusion," said Driscoll, entering with a most submissive air, "he'd soon see that it was at last with good intentions I came out all the way here on foot, and a bad night besides—a nasty little drizzling rain and mud—such mud!" And he held up in evidence a foot about the size of an elephant's.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Driscoll," said Bella, placing a chair for him. "Papa was engaged with matters of business when you knocked—some letters of consequence."

"Yes, miss, to be sure, and didn't want to be disturbed," said Driscoll, as he sat down, and wiped his heated forehead. "I'm often the same way myself; but when I'm at home, and want nobody to disturb me, I put on a little brown paper cap I have, and that's the sign no one's to talk to me."

Kellett burst into a laugh at the conceit, and Driscoll so artfully joined in the emotion that when it ceased they were already on terms of intimacy.

"You see what a strange creature I am. God help me," said Driscoll, sighing. "I have to try as many dodges with myself as others does be using with the world, for my poor head goes wanderin' away about this, that, and the other, and I'm never sure it will think of what I want."

"That's a sad case," said Kellett, compassionately.

"I was like everybody else till I had the fever," continued Driscoll, confidentially. "It was the spotted fever, not the scarlet fever, d'ye mind; and when I came out of it on the twenty-ninth day, I was the same as a child, simple and innocent. You'd laugh now if I told you what I did with the first half-crown I got. I bought a bag of marbles!"

And Kellett did laugh heartily; less, perhaps, at the circumstance than at the manner and look of him who told it.

"Ay, faith, marbles!" muttered Driscoll to himself; "'tis a game I'm mighty fond of."

"Will you take a little whiskey-and-water? Hot or cold?" asked Kellett, courteously.

"Just a taste, to take off the deadness of the water," said Driscoll. "I'm obliged to be as cautious as if I was walkin' on eggs. Dr. Dodd says to me, 'Terry,' says he, 'you had never much brains in your best days, but now you're only a sheet of thin paper removed from an idiot, and if you touch spirits it's all up with you.'"

"That was plain speaking, anyhow," said Kellett, smiling.

"Yes," said Driscoll, while he seemed struggling to call up some reminiscence; and then, having succeeded, said, "ay, 'There's five-and-twenty in Swift's this minute,' says he, 'with their heads shaved, and in blue cotton dressing-gowns, more sensible than yourself.' But, you see, there was one thing in my favor, I was always harmless."

The compassionate expression with which Kellett listened to this declaration guaranteed no completely the speaker had engaged his sympathy.

"Well, well," continued Driscoll, "maybe I'm just as happy, ay, happier than ever I was! Every one is kind and good natured to me now. Nobody takes offence at what I say or do; they know well in their hearts that I don't mean any harm."

"That they don't," broke in Bella, whose gratitude for many a passing word of kindness, as he met her of a morning, willingly seized upon the opportunity for acknowledgment.

"My daughter has often told me of the kind way you always spoke to her."

"Think of that now," muttered Terry to himself; "and I saying all the while to my own heart, 'Tis a proud man you ought to be to-day, Terry Driscoll, to be giving 'Good morning' to Miss Kellett of Kellett's Court, the best old blood in your own county.'"

"Your health, Driscoll—your health," cried Kellett, warmly.

"Let your head be where it will, your heart's in the right place, anyhow."

"Did you say so, now?" asked he, with all the eagerness of one putting a most anxious question.

"I do, and I'd swear it," cried Kellett, resolutely. "'Tis too clever and too 'cute the world's grown; they were better times when there was more good feeling and less learning.'"

"Indeed, indeed, it was the remark I made to my sister Mary the night before last," broke in Driscoll. "What is there," says I, 'that Miss Kellett can't teach them? they know the rule of three and What's-his-name's Questions as well as I know my prayers. You don't want them to learn mensuration and the use of the globes?' 'I'll send them to a school in France,' says she; 'it's the only way to be genteel.'"

"To a school in France?" cried Bella; "and is that really determined on?"

"Yes, miss; they're to go immediately, and ye see that was the reason I walked out here in the rain to-night. I said to myself, 'Terry,' says I, 'they'll never say a word about this to Miss Kellett till the quarter is up; be off, now, and break it to her at once.'"

"It was so like your own kind heart," burst out Bella.

"Yes," muttered Driscoll, as if in a reverie, "that's the only good o' me now, I can think of what will be of use to others."

"Didn't I tell you we were in a vein of good luck, Bella?" said Kellett, between his teeth; "didn't I say a while ago there was more coming?"

"But," says I to Mary," continued Driscoll, "you must take care to recommend Miss Kellett among your friends."

Kellett dashed his glass down with such force on the table as to frighten Driscoll, whose speech was thus abruptly cut short, and the two men sat staring fixedly at each other. The expression of poor Terry's vacant face, in which a struggling effort to deprecate anger was the solitary emotion readable, so overcame Kellett's passion, that, stooping over, he grasped the other's hand warmly, and said,

"You're a kind-hearted creature, and you'd never hurt a living soul. I'm not angry with you."

"Thank you, Captain Kellett—thank you," cried the other, hurriedly, and wiped his brow, like one vainly endeavoring to follow out a chain of thought collectedly. "Who is this told me that you had another daughter?"

"No," said Kellett; "I have a son."

"Ay, to be sure; so it was a son, they said, and a fine strapping young fellow, too. Where is he?"

"He's with his regiment, the Rifles, in the Crimea."

"Dear me, now, to think of that, fighting the French just the way his father did."

"No," said Kellett, smiling; "it's the Russians he's fighting, and the French are helping him to do it."

"That's better any day," said Driscoll; "two to one is a pleasanter match. And so he's in the Rifles?" And here he laid his head on his hand and seemed lost in thought. "Is he a captain?" asked he, after a long pause.

"No, not yet," said Kellett, while his cheek flushed at the evasion he was practising.

"Well, maybe he will soon," resumed the other, relapsing once more into deep thought. "There was a young fellow joined them in Cork just before they sailed, and I lent him thirty shillings, and he never paid me. I wonder what became of him. Maybe he's killed."

"Just as likely," said Kellett, carelessly.

"Now, would your son be able to make him out for me, not for the sake of the money, for I wouldn't speak of it, but out of regard for him, for I took a liking to him; he was a fine, handsome fellow, and bold as a lion."

"He mightn't be in Jack's battalion, or he might, and Jack not know him. What was his name?" said Kellett, in some confusion.

"I'll tell you if you'll pledge your word you'll never say a syllable about the money, for I can't think but he forgot it."

"I'll never breathe a word about it."

"And will you ask your son all about him—if he likes the service, or if he'd rather be at home, and how it agrees with him?"

"And the name?"

"The name?—I wrote it down on a bit of paper just for my own memory's sake, for I forget everything—the name is Conway—Charles Conway."

"Why, that's the very—" When he got so far a warning look from Bella arrested Kellett's voice, and he ceased speaking, looking eagerly at his daughter for some explanation. Had he not been so anxious for some clue to her meaning, he could scarcely have failed to be struck by the intense keenness of the glance Driscoll turned from the countenance of the father to that of the daughter. She, however, marked it, and with such significance, that a death-like sickness crept suddenly over her, and she sank slowly down into a seat.



"You were saying, 'That's the very—'" said Driscoll, repeating the words, and waiting for the conclusion.

"The very name we read in a newspaper," said Bella, who, with a sort of vague instinct of some necessity for concealment, at once gave this evasive reply: "He volunteered for somewhere, or was first inside a battery, or did something or other very courageous."

"It wasn't killed he was?" said Driscoll, in his habitual indolent tone.

"No, no," cried Kellett, "he was all safe."

"Isn't it a queer thing? but I'd like to hear of him! There was some Conway connections of my mother's, and I can't get it out of my head but he might be one of them. It's not a common name, like Driscoll."

"Well, Jack will, maybe, be able to tell you all about him," said Kellett, still under the spell of Bella's caution.

"If you would tell me on what points you want to be informed," said Bella, "I shall be writing to my brother in a day or two. Are there any distinct questions you wish to be answered?"

The calm but searching glance that accompanied these few words gradually gave way to an expression of pity as Bella gazed at the hopeless imbecility of poor Driscoll's face, wherein not a gleam of intelligence now lingered. It was as if the little struggle of intellect had so exhausted him that he was incapable of any further effort of reason. And there he sat, waiting till the returning tide of thought should flow back upon his stranded intelligence.

"Would you like him to be questioned about the family?" said she, looking good-naturedly at him.

"Yes, miss—yes," said he, half dreamily; "that is, I wouldn't like my own name, poor creature as I am, to be mentioned, but if you could anyways find out if he was one of the Conways, of Abergedley—they were my mother's people—if you could find out that for me, it would be a great comfort."

"I'll charge myself with the commission," said Bella, writing down the words, "Conway, of Abergedley."

"Now there was something else, if my poor head could only remember it," said Driscoll, whose countenance displayed the most complete picture of a puzzled intelligence.

"Mix yourself another tumbler, and you'll think of it by and by," said Kellett courteously.

"Yes," muttered Driscoll, accepting the suggestion at once. "It was something about mustard-seed, I think," added he, after a pause; "they say it will keep fresh for two years if you put it in a blue paper bag—deep blue is best." A look of serious compassion passed between Kellett and his daughter, and Driscoll went on—"I don't think it was that, though, I wanted to remember." And he fell into deep reflection for several minutes, at the end of which he started abruptly up, finished off his glass, and began to button up his coat in preparation for the road.

"Don't go till I see what the night looks like," cried Kellett, as he left the room to examine the state of the weather.

"If I should be fortunate enough to obtain any information, how shall I communicate with you?" said Bella, addressing him hastily, as if to profit by the moment of their being alone.

Driscoll looked fixedly at her for a second or two, and gradually the expression of his face settled down into its habitual cast of unmeaning imbecility, while he merely muttered to himself, "No evidence—throw out the bills."

She repeated her question, and in a voice to show that she believed herself well understood.

"Yes," said he, with a vacant grin—"yes! but they don't agree with everybody."

"There's a bit of a moon out now, and the rain has stopped," said Kellett, entering, "so that it wouldn't be friendly to detain you."

"Good night, good night," said Driscoll, hurriedly; "that spirit is got up to my head. I feel it. A pleasant journey to you both, and be sure to remember me to Mrs. Miller." And with these incoherent words he hastened away, and his voice was soon heard singing cheerily, as he plodded his way towards Dublin.

"That's the greatest affliction of all," said Kellett, as he sat down and sipped his glass. "There's nothing like having one's faculties, one's reason, clear and unclouded. I wouldn't be like that poor fellow there to be as rich as the Duke of Leinster."

"It is a strange condition," said Bella, thoughtfully. "There were moments when his eyes lighted up with a peculiar significance, as if at intervals his mind had regained all its wonted vigor. Did you remark that?"

"Indeed I did not. I saw nothing of the kind," said Kellett, peevishly. "By the way, why were you so cautious about Conway?"

"Just because he begged that his name might not be mentioned. He said that some trifling debts were still hanging over him, from his former extravagance; and though all in course of liquidation, he dreaded the importunate appeals of creditors, so certain to pour in if they heard of his being in Dublin."

"Every one has their troubles!" muttered Kellett, as he sank into a moody reflection over his own, and sipped his liquor in silence.

Let us now follow Driscoll, who, having turned the corner of the lane, out of earshot of the cottage, suddenly ceased his song and walked briskly along towards town. Rapidly as he walked, his lips moved more rapidly still, as he maintained a kind of conversation with himself, bursting out from time to time with a laugh, as some peculiar conceit amused him. "To be sure, a connexion by the mother's side," said he. "One has a right to ask after his own relations! And for all I know, my grandmother was a Conway. The odd fool was so near pokin' his foot in it, and letting out that he knew him well. She's a deep one, that daughter; and it was a bould stroke the way she spoke to me when we were alone. It was just as much as to say, 'Terry, put your cards down, for I know your hand.'"

"No, miss," says I, "I've a trump in the heel of my fist that ye never set eyes on. Ha, ha, ha!" But she's deep for all that—mighty deep; and if it was safe, I wish we had her in the plot! Ay! but is it safe, Mr. Driscoll? By the virtue of your oath, Terry Driscoll, do you believe she wouldn't turn on you? She's a fine-looking girl, too," he added, after an interval. "I wish I knew her sweetheart, for she surely has one. Terry, Terry, ye must bestir yourself; ye must be up early and go to bed late, my boy. You're not the man ye were before ye had that 'faver'—that spotted faver!" Here he laughed till his eyes ran over. "What a poor creature it has left ye—no memory—no head for anything!" And he actually shook with laughter at the thought. "Poor Terry Driscoll, ye are to be pitied!" said he, as he wiped the tears from his face. "Isn't it a sin and a shame there's no one to look after ye?"

#### CHAPTER XIX.—DRISCOLL IN CONFERENCE.

"Nor come in yet, sir, but he is sure to be back soon," said Mr. Clowes, the butler, to Terry Driscoll, as he stood in the hall of Mr. Davenport Dunn's house, about eleven o'clock of the same night we have spoken of in our last chapter.

"You're expecting him, then?" asked Driscoll, in his own humble manner.

"Yes, sir," said Clowes, looking at his watch; "he ought to be here now. We have a deal of business to get through to-night, and several appointments to keep; but he'll see you, Mr. Driscoll. He always gives directions to admit you at once."

"Does he really?" asked Driscoll, with an air of perfect innocence.

"Yes," said Clowes, in a tone at once easy and patronising, "he likes you. You are one of the very few who can amuse him. Indeed, I don't think I ever heard him laugh, what I'd call a hearty laugh, except when you're with him."

"Isn't that queer now?" exclaimed Driscoll. "Lord knows it's little fun in me now!"

"Come in and take a chair—charge you nothing for the sitting," said Clowes, laughing at his own smartness as he led the way into a most comfortably furnished little room which formed his own sanctum.

The walls were decorated with colored prints and drawings of great projected enterprises—great fuel manufactories of splendid pretensions, American packet stations on the west coast, of almost regal architecture, tied with ground plans of public parks and ornamental model farms; fish-curing institutions, and smelting-houses, and beet-root sugar-buildings, graced scenes of the very wildest desolation, and, by an active representation of life and movement, seemed to typify the wealth and prosperity which enterprise was sure to carry into regions the very dreariest and least promising.

"A fine thing that, Mr. Driscoll," said Clowes, as Terry stood admiring a large and highly-colored plate, whereon several steam-engines were employed in supplying mill-streams with water from a vast lake, while thousands of people seemed busily engaged in spade

labor on its borders. "That is the 'Lough Corrib Drainage and Fresh Strawberry Company,' capital eight hundred thousand pounds! Chemical analysis has discovered that the soil of drained lands, treated with a suitable admixture of the alkaline carbonates, is peculiarly favorable to the growth of the strawberry—a fruit whose properties are only now receiving their proper estimate. The strawberry, you are, perhaps, not aware, is a great anti-scorbutic. Six strawberries, taken in a glass of diluted mastic acid of a morning, fasting, would restore the health of those fine fellows we are now daily losing in such numbers in the Crimea. I mean, of course, a regular treatment of three months of this regimen, with due attention to diet, cleanliness, and habit of exercise—all predisposing elements removed—all causes of mental anxiety withdrawn. To this humane discovery this great industrial speculation owes its origin. There you see the engines at full work; the lake is in process of being drained, the water being all utilised by the mills you see yonder, some of which are compressing the strawberry pulp into a paste for exportation. Here are the people planting the shoots; those men in blue, with the watering-pots, are the alkaline feeders, who supply the plants with the chemical preparation I mentioned, the strength being duly supplied by letters, as you see. B. C. P. means bi-carbonate of potash; S. C. S., sub-carbonate of soda, and so on. Already, sir," said he, raising his voice, "we have contracts for the supply of twenty-eight tons a week, and we hope," added he, with a tremulous fervor in his voice, "to live to see the time when the table of the poorest peasant in the land will be graced by the health-conducing condiment."

"With all my heart and soul I wish you success," said Driscoll, while he muttered under his breath what sounded like a fervent prayer for the realization of this blessed hope.

"Of that we are pretty certain, sir," said Clowes, pompously; "the shares are now one hundred and twelve—paid up in two calls, thirty-six pounds ten shillings. He," said Clowes, with a jerk of his thumb towards Mr. Dunn's room, meant to indicate its owner—"he don't like it, calls it a bubble, and all that, but I have known him mistaken, sir, ay, and more than once. You may remember that vein of yellow marble—giants' antioch, they call it—found on Martin's property—That's his knock; here he comes now," cried he, hurrying away to meet his master, and leaving the story of his blunder unrelated. "All right," said Clowes, re-entering hastily; "you can go in now. He seems in a precious humor to-night," added he, in a low whisper; "something or other has gone wrong with him."

Driscoll had scarcely closed the inner door of cloth, that formed the last security of Davenport Dunn's privacy, when he perceived the correctness of Mr. Clowes's information. Dunn's brow was dark and clouded, his face slightly flushed, and his eye restless and excited.

"What is it so very pressing, Driscoll, that couldn't wait till to-morrow," said he peevishly, and not paying the slightest attention to the other's courteous salutation.

"I thought this was the time you liked best," said Driscoll, quietly; "you always said, 'Come to me, when I've done for the day—'"

"But who told you I had done for the day? That pile of letters has yet to be answered, many of them I have not even read. The Attorney-General will be here in a few minutes about these prosecutions, too."

"That's a piece of good luck, anyhow," said Driscoll, quickly.

"How so? What d'ye mean?"

"Why, we could just get a kind of travelling opinion out of him about this case."

"What nonsense you talk," said Dunn, angrily; "as if a lawyer of standing and ability would commit himself by pronouncing on a most complicated question, the details of which he was to gather from you!" The look and emphasis that accompanied the last word were to the last degree insulting, but they seemed to give no offence whatever to him to whom they were addressed; on the contrary, he met them with a twinkle of the eye, and a droll twist of the mouth, as he muttered half to himself,

"Yes, God help me, I'll never set the Liffey on fire!"

"You might, though, if you had it heavily insured," said Dunn, with a savage irony in his manner that might well have provoked rejoinder; but Driscoll was proof against whatever he didn't want to resent, and laughed pleasantly at the sarcasm.

"You were dining at the Lodge, I suppose, to-day?" asked he, eager to get the conversation afloat at any cost.

"No, at Luscombe's—the Chief Secretary's," said Dunn, curtly.

"They say he's a clever fellow," said Driscoll.

"They are heartily welcome to this opinion you think so," broke in Dunn, peevishly. "Let them call him a fortunate one if they like, and they'll be nearer the mark. What of this affair?" said he, at last. "Have you found out Conway?"

"No, but I learned that he dined and passed the evening with old Paul Kellett. He came over to Ireland to bring him some news of his son, who served in the same regiment, and so I went out to Kellett to pump them; but for some reason or other they're as close as wax. The daughter beats all ever you saw! She tried a great stroke of cunning with me, but it wouldn't do."

"It was your poor head and the spotted fever—eh?" said Dunn, laughing.

"Yes," said Driscoll; "I never was rightly myself since that." And he laughed heartily.

"This is too slow for me, Driscoll; you must find out the young fellow at once, and let me see him. I have read over the statement again, and it is wonderfully complete. Hatchard has it now before him, and will give me his opinion by Sunday next. On that same day Mr. Beecher is to dine with me; now if you could manage to have Conway here on Monday morning, I'd probably be in a condition to treat openly with him."

"You're going too fast—too fast entirely," said Driscoll; "sure, if Conway sees the road before him, he may just travel it without us at all."

"I'll take care he shall not know which path to take, Driscoll; trust me for that. Remember that the documents we have are all essential to him. Before he sees one of them our terms must be agreed on."

"I'll have ten thousand paid down on the nail. 'Tis eight years am collectin' them papers. I bought that shooting-lodge at Bantury, that belonged to the Beechers, just to search the old cupboard in the dinner-room. It was plastered over for fifty years, and Denis Magrath was the only man living who knew where it was."

"I'm aware of all that. The discovery—if such it prove—was all your own, Driscoll; and as to the money remuneration, I'll not defraud you of a sixpence."

"There was twelve hundred pounds," continued Driscoll, too full of his own train of thought to think of anything else, "for a wretched odd place with the roof fallin' in, and every stack of it rotten! Eight years last Michaelmas—that's money, let me tell you! and I never got more than thirty pounds any year out of it since."

"You shall be paid, and handsomely paid."

"Yes," said Terry, nodding.

"You can have good terms on either side."

"Yes, or a little from both," added Driscoll, drily.

(To be continued.)

#### FANNY BELL.

A FRESH-BLOWN rosebud was Fanny Bell. She had most beautiful blue eyes; her dark brown hair was the envy of her acquaintance, and her cheek wore the delicate tint of a sea-shell. But the loveliness of Fanny is not to be described in words. She had a face that at times seemed plain; but when she conversed, the noble thoughts that gushed upward from her heart lighted it with a glorious enthusiasm. Oh! there is no beauty like that of expression. The features may be regular and the complexion unrivalled; but without the animation of mind and heart, the countenance tires and pall. Give us a face instinct with pure and lofty thought, shifting and changing with its earnest feelings—ripples that break on the surface of that fathomless deep, the soul!

Fanny Bell was an orphan; her mother died when she was yet young; her father had fallen in the service of his country, and she had accepted the situation of governess in the family of Mr. Bowen, the rich grocer. His wife was one of those women who are sympathetic to the rich and oppressors to the poor. She had engaged a governess because it was more fashionable to have her children taught at home than at school; and she had employed Fanny because, poor and unfriended, our heroine was willing to undertake employment on any terms, and therefore engaged herself at about half the usual salary. But though Mrs. Bowen took this advantage of Fanny, she affected to have employed her merely out of charity. "She is so young that nobody else would have been troubled with her," Mrs. Bowen used to say; "but I could not see an orphan girl starve!"

Fanny found her situation that of a slave, and had any other resource opened to her, would have left Mrs. Bowen's the first week. Her scholars were

two little girls, spoiled by petting. Fanny might have borne with them if there had been no other members of the family. Unfortunately, however, there were daughters grown up, one about the same age as Fanny, and one two years older, who treated their sisters' governess with supercilious hauteur, yet taxed her taste continually to trim their dresses and arrange their hair. Tyrannised over by all, poor Fanny had no resource but to weep half the night. In less than six months she was but the shadow of her former self; yet still Fanny, though pale and wan, was so much more beautiful than either of the Misses Bowen, that even their mother regarded her as a dangerous rival, and accordingly kept her back as much as possible, and took good care that all visitors should know her dependent situation in the family.

Fanny had been in the family about six months, when they removed to Mr. Bowen's country-seat for the summer. Hither a large party of invited friends soon followed them; but of all her visitors, Mrs. Bowen was most proud of Mr. Althrop, a young gentleman studying for the medical profession, but who had great expectations from a law-suit then pending, and who was to spend a fortnight with them.

"And now, girls," said the scheming mamma, "if in that time one of you cannot manage to captivate him, your French education will be as good as thrown away. You will have no rivals here. Your dresses are in the latest style; and Mr. Althrop has certainly shown more disposition to visit our house than any other. Which of you is it that attracts him?"

Both girls blushed and denied that it was either of them, though both secretly believed it was herself.

That night Mr. Althrop arrived. He paid his compliments gracefully to all the ladies, but he seemed abstracted, and every time the door opened his eyes wandered towards it. Both Caroline Bowen and her sister exerted themselves to dissipate the care that seemed to rest on their guest's mind. One sang Italian airs, and the other performed on the harp; but the assiduities failed to drive away the abstraction of Mr. Althrop.

While the two girls had been exercising their attractions to make the evening pass pleasantly for their guest, Fanny was sitting in her solitary chamber crying bitterly. Mr. Althrop had been one of the few visitors at Mrs. Bowen's who had treated our heroine with civility; for most of the gentlemen met there, on hearing her position in the family, coolly turned from her with unaffected disdain. Mr. Althrop, however, had taken pity on the slighted girl, and once or twice, not confining his attention to a respectful bow and an inquiry after her health, had entered into conversation with her. The last time this happened, Fanny became so interested in her subject as quite to forget herself. Her countenance glowed, and her fine eyes beamed with enthusiasm, nor did she remember herself until she heard the harsh voice of Mrs. Bowen, telling her she was wanted in the school-room, in a manner so marked as to make Fanny start up, mortified yet frightened, and hastily leave the room.

Since that day she had not seen Mr. Althrop; but, alas! for poor Fanny, she had often thought of him. There had been a gentle deference in his manner towards her which she had met with from no one else; and those who have been in a situation like Fanny's, need not be told that her gratitude was warm and uncalculating. The thought of being loved by Mr. Althrop never crossed her mind; but nevertheless there was no reason that she should not love him, and love him she did, with a sweet, holy love she would have died before confessing.

To be in his presence, to hear him speak, even though unnoticed by him, was to her happiness supreme. Her heart bouned at, therefore, when she was told of his intended visit to Bowen House. But what was her anguish, what was her mortification when, on the evening of his arrival, as she was crossing the hall to join the family in the parlor, preparatory to supper, she was met by Mrs. Bowen, who informed her that, during the presence of their visitors, it was expected she would take her meals and spend her leisure time with the children in the nursery.

"What if they should tell Mr. Althrop?" Fanny exclaimed, wringing her hands when she was alone in her little chamber. "How he will despise me! that I was! But alas! there is no one that cares for me in this wide world."

Long Fanny wept that night, and ere she fell asleep, resolved, if she ever met Mr. Althrop in her walks, to be so cold and formal as to convince him that she cared nothing for him. Yet how it smote her to think that he would daily hear of her as only a sort of upper servant, whose proper place was with the other menials—she, who felt that in all the finer sensibilities of soul, and in education, she was the superior of Mrs. Bowen, or either of her fashionable daughters.

The next day, at the breakfast-table, Mr. Althrop said, "I hope, Mrs. Bowen, that Miss Bell is not indisposed; for I believe she accompanied you from town."

"Our governess, you mean," replied the hostess, with marked emphasis. "She is quite well, but occupied with her duties. I do not think it right that servants should sit at the family table; and so I have told Miss Bell."

"Did Mr. Althrop's lip curl, or was it only fancy?"

"We are going over to Plumpton to-day," said Mrs. Bowen; "will you ride with us, Mr. Althrop?"

"No, I thank you," he replied, "I have several letters to write; but I hope to be disengaged by the time you return," he added, bowing gallantly to the ladies.

The mother and daughters were vexed, but they could say nothing.

Mr. Althrop went up to his room, and sat down to write. The rolling of carriage wheels soon announced to him that Mrs. Bowen and her daughters had started. He then rose and went to the window, where for full half an hour he stood looking out. What could he be gazing at? At length the form of Fanny Bell was seen crossing the lawn, as if for a walk. In an instant Mr. Althrop seized his hat and followed her.

Fanny heard a hurried step behind her, and her heart began to beat wildly. Somehow she felt, without looking back, that it was Mr. Althrop approaching. Her cheeks immediately flushed crimson, and she hurried on, nor were her steps arrested until a clear, sweet, manly voice beside her said, "If Miss Bell is not unwell, may one who hopes to become better acquainted with her join her walk?"

Morning after morning, when Fanny took her usual walk, during the intermission between the school hours, Mr. Althrop contrived to join her, as if by accident; and Fanny came finally to look for him as a matter of course, and to feel disappointed when, as occasion happened, he failed to make his appearance. Often, too, when she was on the lawn with her pupils in the evening, Mr. Althrop would join her.

"So, Carry is going to be married," said Fanny's eldest pupil, one day, to a sister somewhat younger. "Wouldn't you like to be married, Harriet?"

"Carry going to be married! Oh! I know to whom, although you think it such a secret. It's to Mr. Althrop," said Harriet, triumphantly.

Fanny felt her head swim, and had to grasp a chair to keep herself from fainting. What she had heard whispered was true then! Mr. Althrop was to marry the flippant and heartless Caroline Bowen.

Fanny's first thought was anger, yet she could not tell why. Surely, since she never expected to obtain Mr. Althrop herself, she ought not to be indignant at another's success. Caroline was not good enough for him, it was true; but that was no business of hers. Yet she felt flushed and out of humor, and putting on her bonnet she resolved to walk out at once, so as to be at home again before the usual hour for starting. One thing only was clear amid her conflicting feelings; she did not wish to see Mr. Althrop.

Fortune, however, did not favor her. She had crossed the lawn, entered the wood, and was already close upon the little spring to which her walk usually extended, when she heard approaching footsteps, and looking up, saw Mr. Althrop advancing to meet her.

"I have been waiting here for some time to see you," he said, extending his hand, "though even yet it is scarcely the hour at which I ought to expect you."

Fanny bowed coldly and with great dignity. Whatever she felt, she certainly acted as if a serious wrong had been done her.

"I know you will congratulate me, or, at least, I hope you will," said Mr. Althrop, suddenly altering his tone to a less joyous one, on seeing that Fanny maintained her cold demeanor. He colored as he added, "but perhaps my good fortune makes me seem selfish—I have not even inquired after your yesterday's headache."

"My headache is better, thank you," replied Fanny, distantly. "But have heard your news."

"Have you?" said Mr. Althrop, his eyes sparkling.

"And I am sure," continued Fanny, with an effort, "I hope you may be happy. Miss Caroline and you have my best wishes."

Her words glided, quick as her hand, but she rallied her strength, and gave them utterance.

"Miss Caroline and myself! What do you mean?" said Mr. Althrop, in amazement.

"It was now Fanny's turn to be surprised. She looked on the ground, and her face was covered with blushes."

"You do not mean that Miss Caroline and myself are engaged?" said Mr. Althrop.

"I have heard so," said Fanny, yet daring to look up. "Surely that was what you meant." Fanny really did not know what she was saying.

"No, indeed, Fanny, I did not mean that," said Mr. Althrop, speaking with a joyful voice. "The good news I alluded to was the decision in my favor of the lawsuit on which my fortune hung. News, doubly good to me, because it enables me to offer you my hand, if you will deign to accept it, as well as the heart, which has been yours since the first evening we conversed at Mrs. Bowen's."

Fanny was now not only looking at the ground, but trembling violently. She seemed against a bank. Mr. Althrop continued to plead. He told her how her perfect purity of character had charmed him at once—how he had compared her with the heartless women of the fashionable world—how he had suffered her down into the country, and learned to love her better the more he saw of her. And when he took her hand and implored her to be minute his suspense, if only by a word, Fanny burst into tears. And they were happy tears.

"I had resolved," he said, "if I failed in my lawsuit, to tear myself from you till I could work my way in my profession; but now, dear Fanny, I have wealth, and I shall make it my earnest prayer that you will as soon as possible, give me the right to take you from this place, where I fear your beauty and worth arouse no better feelings than those of envy."

What were Mrs. Bowen's astonishment and anger to hear that Fanny had carried off the prize for which she and her daughters were maneuvering? "Base, ungrateful creature!" were the words she used, "to entrap by her baby face and her artful manner one of my guests! But Mr. Althrop will repent of his bargain, or I am mistaken."

Sweet Fanny Bell, however, has now been married more than a year, and Mr. Althrop loves her with still increasing affection, which his charming wife repays with equal fervor.





BARON HUMBOELDT IN HIS STUDY, AT BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

#### BARON HUMBOELDT AND HIS TRAVELS.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOELDT, who occupies, by universal consent, the foremost place in the intellectual and scientific world, was born at Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769. At an early age his love for the natural sciences began to develop itself, for while his distinguished brother, William, devoted himself to law, classics, and metaphysical studies, Alexander, the younger, became absorbed in natural history, geology, and in the solution of all the material problems of the universe.

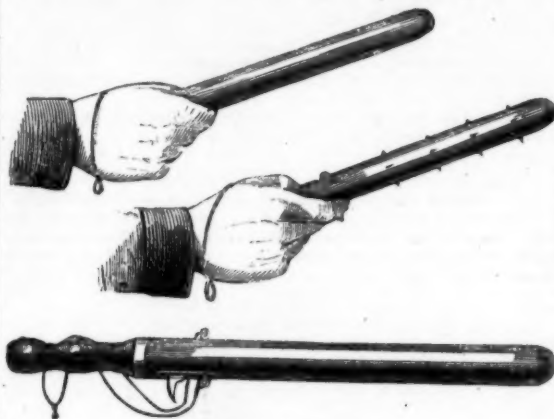
In 1804, Humboldt and his companion, Bonpland, visited the United States, studied its political condition, and thence set sail for Europe, after an absence of above five years.

In 1822 he accompanied the King of Prussia in a tour through Italy, to Venice, to Rome, and Naples, during which celebrated excursion Humboldt ascended Mount Vesuvius three times within nine days, to prosecute his scientific researches.

In 1828, urged by the voice of public opinion, Humboldt consented to put his lectures in a shape for publication, under the name of "Cosmos."

The accession of Frederic William IV. to the throne of Prussia brought a fitting reward for the long public services, services which few have ever equalled, of Humboldt, for, as crown-prince, he had always been a warm admirer and personal friend of the veteran *savant*, although their views on politics and theology were entirely dissimilar. He has always been the confidential adviser of the King, with whom he generally resides at Potsdam, Berlin, and other resorts, and whom he frequently accompanies on various journeys and progresses. In all the royal palaces, apartments are provided for Humboldt; he has admission to the King at all hours; and notwithstanding his venerable age, he still labors incessantly at his scientific occupations. In Berlin and Potsdam

he is well-known, and is no less honored and revered than the royal potentate himself—from the haughty circles of the Court itself down to the humble laborers, who return his kindly nod



POLICEMAN'S IMPROVED CLUB.

with friendly interest, and whisper one to another, "That is Humboldt!" as he passes by.

Our engraving is from Hildebrand's famous picture, and represents the old philosopher in his study, busily engaged in the pursuits that still form his greatest pleasure. The whole aspect of the room is an index of the practical character of Humboldt's mind. The books and pamphlets on the table, the papers on the desk, and even the maps upon the wall, are his familiar friends and companions in the hours of study. The suite of rooms which he occupies is filled with contributions from every quarter of the globe, and with volumes in every language, which have been presented to the great *savant* by their authors. The large packages in the foreground possess an interest in themselves, apart from their association with the study of Humboldt, for they are cases made of stiff hide, which have found their way from South America to the home of the great naturalist in Prussia. None will appreciate their contents better than he, for rare botanical collections and minerals from foreign countries are positive luxuries to him.

Such a ripe and strong old age is a rare sight, especially in one whose life has been so full of daring enterprise and fatiguing travel, and we hope that Alexander von Humboldt may long be spared to occupy the proud position of the greatest of living men.

#### IMPROVED CLUB FOR POLICEMEN.

An ingenious gentleman of this city has invented a club for the use of policemen, which we represent in our engraving. Report says that it is highly "approved by the department." In ordinary use the club is smooth, but if a rowdy attempts to seize it, the policeman, by touching the trigger, can spring out a large number of sharp points, which are calculated to wound the hands of the assailant, and not only cause them to "let go," but will also mark them so as to identify the rascal for future arrest. We are from principle opposed to all concealed weapons; bowie knives, revolvers, or secret springs in clubs, are alike offensive. Let our authorities meet the demand of the times by arming our police with a heavy Roman sword, worn at his side, so that no one can be deceived into an attack, and let the policeman be strongly protected by the law and public opinion, and be a responsible man; and then, if resisted while in the discharge of his duty, let him cut his assailants down with as little ceremony as if they were so many dry cornstalks. If this were the case fewer policemen could guard the city, and we would hear of no more martyred Andersons.

#### LAURA KEENE, AS OGARITA, THE WILD FLOWER OF MEXICO.

Few dramas have had a more chequered career than "The Sea of Ice." It had been lavishly produced in all the principal cities of America and England (to say nothing of France, whence the original is obtained). In some places it had been received with enthusiasm; in others it was a dead failure. Laura Keene brought it out for the third time, but the first that it has achieved success. The secret of the matter is, that, although a spectacular drama in the largest sense of the word, it needs something more than scenery to make it succeed. The plot of the piece required to be unfolded with care and skill. There are several important parts that cannot be intrusted to feeble hands. It was only in those places where a good stock company was at hand that "The Sea of Ice" has met with a success commensurate with its merits—which although lengthy are real. In Baltimore we believe the piece had a long run, and as Mr. Jefferson played the principal comic character there, it is reasonable to believe that he had something to do with it, and his talents contribute to a similar result in New York.

Miss Laura Keene had at hand all the facilities for giving the piece with unusual effect. Beginning with herself as the much-tried mother, and going through the entire company, we have a combination of rare artistic excellence, such as is seldom bestowed on a spectacular drama. Then in the scenic department—where are things done better than at Laura Keene's? On the least worthy trifles all that care and experience can suggest are cheerfully lavished. Our engraving represents Miss Keene in her effective part of Ogarita, the Wild Flower of Mexico; at least such is the intention, but art fails to give the flashing eye, the varied attitude, the glancing light, the thousand things, in fact, in which nature and art are so masterly combined upon the stage.

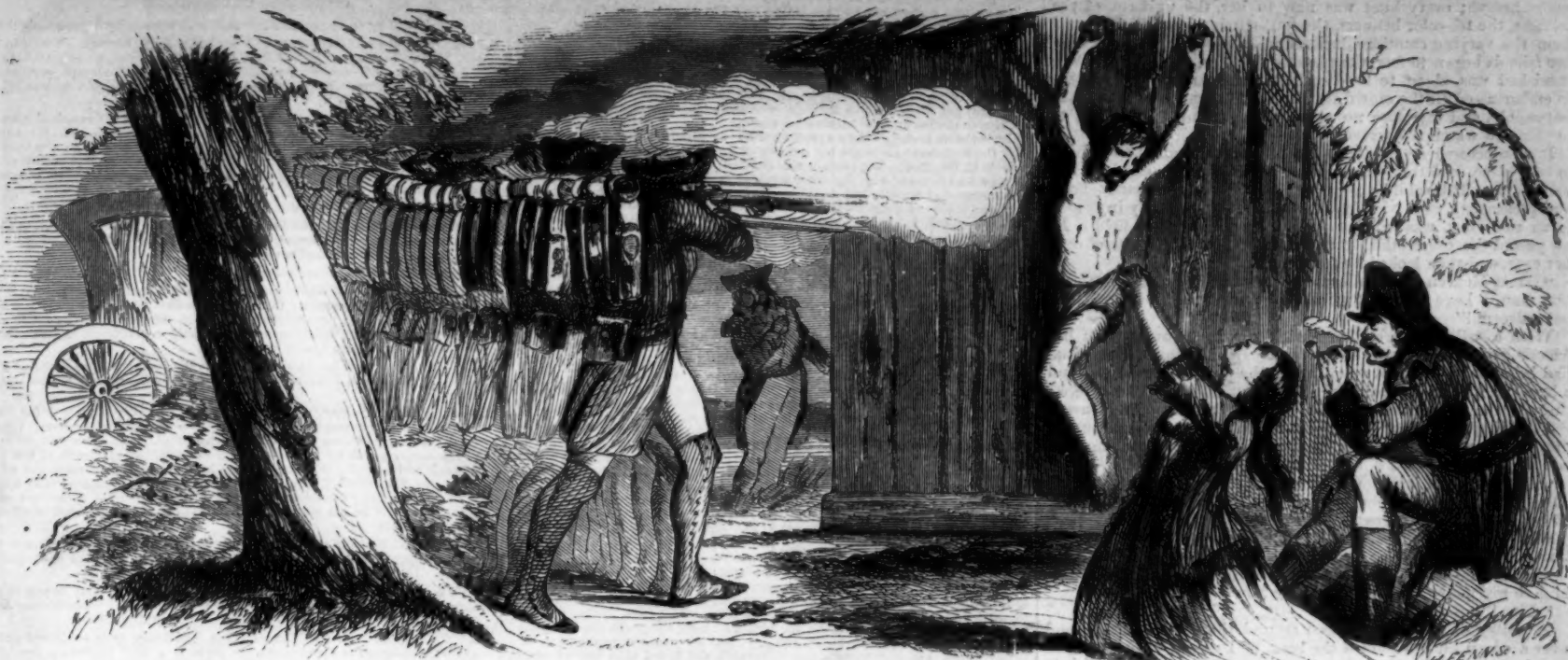


A DEFAULTER IN EXILE (with the dear cause of his defalcation). "Dearest Augustus, how sweet the moonlight sleeps upon those sand banks." "Don't, Juliana! don't mention sand banks and moonshine, it reminds me of my situation!"



MRS. FITZ-JENKS (on short allowance): "Butcher, what's the price of them ducks?" "Two dollars, Ma'am!" "Good gracious, Charles, how cheap! Cook has always charged us four!" (Exit lady and cubs.) BUTCHER (solus): "Them folks is economising, so I charges 'em double; like the dry-goodmen, I tell 'em I sells below cost."





REVENGE AND RETRIBUTION.

## THRILLING INCIDENTS FOUNDED ON FACT.

No. 3.—REVENGE AND RETRIBUTION: AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE Countess de Villeneuve de La Floret was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in France, and the count, her husband, was of the very flower of the old noblesse.

Before her marriage she had the misfortune to become acquainted with a young officer named Pierre Duhem, who at once conceived for her the most passionate attachment. Her heart, however, had long since been bestowed upon the young Count de La Floret, and even had that not been the case, it is scarcely probable that Duhem's suit would have met with a more favorable reception, for there was nothing in either his appearance or address to win the regard of a young girl whose every thought had been from earliest youth associated with intellect and refinement; for his manners were brusque and almost rude, and it would not have required a very shrewd physiognomist to read indelibly stamped upon his hard-featured face, unmistakable evidence of a cold and cruel disposition—and how true an index his countenance was of his heart, the sequel will abundantly show.

His attentions were of course discouraged by the lady; but nevertheless he insisted upon making her a tender of his hand, which she declined with firmness, but, at the same time, great kindness and consideration, assuring him that she felt deeply grateful for his earnestly-expressed admiration, and hoping he would yet find one more worthy than herself to become his bride.

Duhem listened with apparent calmness to her words, but a keen observer would have been prepared by the deadly palor that overspread his brow and the nervous twitching of the thin, bloodless lip, for the fearful outbreak that followed.

"Is this your final, irrevocable determination," he asked, in a low, hissing tone, at the same time seizing her white arm roughly. "It is," she answered, and would have proceeded still further in her attempt to conciliate him, but he interrupted her fiercely.

"Listen to me," he cried, and she shrank back trembling from his cold, flashing gray eyes; "Listen to me—you triumph now; but mark me, my day will come yet. I curse you from the bottom of my heart, and my own hand and brain shall work out the fulfillment of that curse. If you ever wed, I will gloat over the dying agonies of your husband—if you are ever the mother of a child, these hands shall crush its young life before your eyes."

"Leave me, leave me," was all she had strength to say.

He only held her white arm tighter in his iron grasp, and hissed closer in her ear: "You think these are idle threats; but so sure as the sun is in heaven, will I make them a terrible truth. Woman, you have made a demon of me—tremble, tremble at the fiend you have yourself raised up." So saying, he dashed her from him and rushed from the house.

Time passed on, and as the happy wife of the Count de La Floret, the terrible scene that so shortly preceded her marriage was almost erased from her memory, and nothing occurred to mar the serenity of her everyday life, until the outbreak of the Revolution—that fearful saturnalia of blood that spread terror and desolation over all Europe.

In common with others, the young count and his lovely wife were forced to fly before the fury of the exasperated populace. Assisted by a devoted friend, who, though a warm republican, remained true to them, they succeeded in effecting their escape from Paris, and aided by the passes he had procured, reached, unharmed, the little village of Colleure. After passing a night in this place, they once more set out on their journey towards the coast, when suddenly, at the outskirts of the town, the carriage was stopped by a platoon of soldiers drawn up before the horses' heads.

Count de La Floret spoke a word of encouragement to his terrified wife, and was about to spring out to inquire why they were stopped when they carried passes from the National Assembly, when suddenly the coach door was torn open, a harsh voice commanding them both to alight.

Perceiving that resistance was worse than useless, the count stepped out and assisted his wife to follow. Almost instantly he was rudely seized by two soldiers, while he who had conducted the outrage approaching

close to the unhappy countess, threw aside his plumed hat, brushed the tangled masses of hair back from his dark brow, and standing full in the light of the rising sun, demanded of her if she had any recollection of ever meeting him before? She looked up earnestly in his face for one instant, and then, with a cry of anguish, fell on her knees before him, "Yes—yes; we have met before. Spare us! oh, spare us!"

The wretch answered with a brutal laugh, "So the beautiful and proud Countess de La Floret kneels—kneels to me! It was I who knelt when we last met."

She only replied through her tears, "Do be generous; forget the past, and save us."

"My name is Pierre Duhem, once a poor captain in the King's army, now general under the glorious republic. I swore an oath that if you ever married mortal man except me, I would revel in his dying agonies. The time for the fulfilment has arrived."

"Oh, unsay those terrible words. Have mercy! In Heaven's name, have mercy!" shrieked the countess, clasping his knees, and turning her streaming eyes up to him.

"Rise, love; do not debase yourself by suing to such a wretch," the count said, struggling in vain as he spoke to free himself. "We are protected by letters from the National Assembly, let him violate them at his peril."

Duhem looked around at the speaker with a fierce sneer. "That for your pass," he cried, snapping his fingers. "Soldiers, away with the aristocrat; obey the orders I gave you an hour ago."

At the word the wretches, who panted for the blood of a noble, dragged the count a short distance toward a frame barn, and having torn his clothing from his body, they actually in broad daylight, and before the face of his agonised wife, nailed, or rather crucified him on the wall of the barn; and a company of soldier-citizens amused themselves firing at him as a target for eight hours before death made him insensible to their atrocities. For by their commander's stern orders they took aim only at the count's legs, thighs, feet, neck, and right side of the breast,

and to make the agony more lingering, ten men only were permitted to fire during each hour, and at a distance of eighty steps.

During all this time, Duhem remained seated on a pile of stones exulting in the excruciating tortures he caused to be inflicted upon his victim. Now he would deliberately smoke his pipe, and anon drink his wine or eat his food, which he caused to be brought out to him in order that he might not lose one throe; and, to add to the horror, the wretch caused the agonized wife to be forcibly detained in full view of the fearful sight, until, utterly prostrated both in mind and body, she was borne insensible from the scene and placed in the care of her faithful waiting-woman, who did everything in her power to mitigate her cruel sufferings.

Observing at last that the unhappy nobleman was quite dead, Duhem ordered the body to be taken down and a large fire to be kindled in the market-place, upon which the corpse was placed; until it was completely roasted. After this, horrible to relate, all the young women of the place were assembled together, although it was now quite late at night, and, under pain of instant death, obliged by Duhem, who did the honors of the table, to give their opinions of the flavor of the flesh of a roasted aristocrat!

No sooner was this fearful feast ended than a fraternal dance began, and twenty young women, who from terror fell into fits, were only saved from becoming victims to another *auto-da-fé* by the liberality of their friends, who, furnishing immense quantities of wine to these French anthropophagi, drowned them all at length in swinish sleep.

During the night that succeeded this direful day, the countess gradually recovered her consciousness, but appeared totally oblivious of what had passed. Taking advantage of her temporary calmness, her maid having hired a faithful guide, conducted her mistress in safety to Dijon, where she possessed a house.

Nearly a week elapsed before the miserable wife seemed to recall in any manner the horrors she had witnessed; but at length, on awakening from a sound sleep, she related minutely all that had occurred, saying that she had just dreamed it, and thanked heaven devoutly that it was but a vision of her disturbed fancy. She then asked if any letters had arrived from her husband, who, she said, had been dispatched on a foreign mission of great importance.

But her trials were not yet ended: within a month after her return to Dijon she was, with her maid, arrested and shut up in a convent, transformed by the republicans into a prison. During her confinement she was attacked by a brain-fever, and by this disease her life was preserved; for, during its continuance, the Committee of Public Safety sent orders to transport her, with other suspected aristocrats, to the Couciergerie at Paris, and thence to the guillotine. When, however, the members of the committee arrived at Dijon, they found her raving, and, yielding to the entreaties of her maid, consented, for the present, not to remove her, and she was then overlooked until the death of Robespierre took the national seal off her prison, and she was permitted to return to her house.

The countess was in 1801 as collected as at any period of her life, except when any question was discussed concerning the Revolution and its horrors, which she considered but a fearful dream of her own. She believed Louis XIV. still reigning upon the throne of his ancestors, and her own husband still absent on an important mission from his king. Bonaparte was, in her opinion, a purely imaginary being, and all the changes she perceived around her were supposed to be merely inventions or undertakings to delude her. When she heard any one complaining of the losses of dear friends, or the requisition of estates by the Revolution, she would exclaim, "Mon Dieu, I would I had never told that terrible dream; how many, many people its narration has made insane." One day, however, she insisted upon visiting Paris, in order that she might discover how much longer the count would be detained abroad; nothing that could be urged by her friends could induce her to forego this journey, so she set forth. It was a glorious morning that on which the Countess de La Floret approached Paris, the sun shone bright and clear, and the verdure of early summer clothed the trees and meadows. Before reaching the gates, however, the vehicle was stopped by a long procession of soldiers, followed by



MISS LAURA KEANE, AS OGASITA, THE WILD FLOWER OF MEXICO, IN "THE OZA OF ICE." PHOT. BY FREDRICKS.



crowds of excited people. The Countess looked forth in utter astonishment; everything was new to her, the uniform of the soldiers, the tri-color banners, the soul-stirring Marseillaise; and from the varying emotions depicted upon her still beautiful face, her friends began to fear the pleasing delusion she had so long cherished was about to be dispelled. The carriage had become so embarrassed in the crowd that to advance or retire was impossible, and therefore no alternative presented itself but to remain and watch the proceedings.

It soon became apparent that a military execution was about to take place, and that they were so situated as to obtain a full view of it. The soldiers were formed in line, the drums beat, and presently a man with head bare and dressed only in pantaloons and shirt, was led by two gendarmes into the field. As he passed the coach the countess started, passed her hand over her eyes, and then looked forth intently.

"Great Heaven!" she murmured, "what does all this mean; that man, I have seen that man before; was it not a dream then, not a dream!"

With a wild, heartrending shriek she broke away from her friends, and sprang from the carriage. By this time the criminal had been forced to kneel down before the platoon of soldiers, and a bandage was being placed over his eyes. Breaking like a tigress through the barrier the countess darted forward and tore away the handkerchief from the doomed man's face; then gazing at him for one instant with a fixedness absolutely appalling, she cried,

"Pierre Duham, is it thou? Heaven be praised, we meet again!" Then without pausing she crossed quickly to the commanding officer, and asked in an excited voice, "Is he to die?"

"He is; spare yourself the trouble, for no entreaties can save him, thief and murderer that he is."

"Save him—save him!" she shrieked hysterically, "Oh, leave him to my mercy, and you shall see how I will save him."

"Fire!" cried the commander.

A volley of musketry echoed around the walls of Paris, and over a dozen bullets riddled the heart of Duham.

"Avenged, avenged!" the countess murmured as she fell into the arms of her friends, and then from her lips poured a stream of crimson blood. Her dream and her life were over.

(From a new Contributor.)  
LOVE  
BY JANUARY SEARLE.

DEATH! how can I feel death, when thus I feel  
Immortal Love, my only Love, for thee?  
There is no death in Love's great commonwealth,  
For Love is Lord of Immortality.  
Lord of all life and master of the spheres!  
Great Son of God! who holds his royal hearts,  
And guards them from the fate of human years,  
And to their gifts his highest gifts imparts.  
And thus my heart, abounding with the life,  
The passion and the power which Love doth give,  
Flings round the beauty of my darling wife  
Th' immortal spell in which we both do live.

The perfect Love doth cast all fear away;  
It hath no doubt, and is so pure a thing,  
That it can never shrink into decay,  
But lives in sunshine and perpetual spring,  
And is all light and truth; and giveth all  
It hath, or is, and knows not that it gives;  
For giving, it receives; and great and small  
Are but as one in the great life it lives.

Boston.

THE MURMUR OF THE SEA.

OVER the wide and sparkling seas proudly bounded the good ship Antoinette, with her precious freight from Calcutta. Joy was in the hearts, joy in the eyes of many a sunburnt mariner as he trimmed the sails which were drawing him with mighty force towards his native land. The homeward waves always look brightest; the homeward breeze has always a breath of balm and kiss of love; and the thoughts of many a dear one on the distant shore of liberty made their manly pulses thrill with delight. How clearly the images of the loved at home became now defined in their fond and yearning memories, and how they blessed the kindly waters which, though still they separated them, were lessening the yielding space!

There was on board a family by the name of Strafford—father, mother, and their only two children, Marcus and Elena, who had just arrived at the years of manhood and womanhood—and as they stood together upon the deck, conversing with the captain, the latter remarked a troubled look upon the face of the elder Strafford, though the visages of his family were full of hope and cheerfulness.

"What's the matter, friend Strafford?" inquired Captain Thurston. "Here you have been reaping a fortune for years in the East, surrounded by the blessings of a happy family and the smiles of good luck, and disease has never crossed your threshold, and reverse in business has not once befallen you. Returning, with every prospect of a fair voyage, to the native land for which so long you have yearned, and while your wife and children are overjoyed at the thought, you alone seem sad. I have noticed it ever since we left port; and now tell me, if the inquiry be not intrusive, what is the reason?"

"You will laugh at me when I tell you," replied Mr. Strafford, "even as my family did when I first thought superstitiously of a strange circumstance which happened to us all, at least a month before we sailed."

"And pray what could that be, that leaves them buoyant and yourself mournful?" asked the captain.

"First, let me ask you, are you at all superstitious?" said Mr. Strafford. "All sailors are, more or less," replied the captain, in a grave tone, "and I believe all men are, however much some may try to persuade themselves to the contrary. I confess that I am in some things—sometimes trivial and absurd, peculiar and perhaps insane—but still they sometimes rule me, though I might be ridiculed should I mention what they are."

"Then I can speak to you without reserve on the cause of my anxiety," said Mr. Strafford, "though I did not think it was observable. Not less than six months ago we had determined to leave Calcutta for ever, though our life there had been so pleasant; for you know that even if a man has been unfortunate in his own land, and however agreeable may be to him the blandishments of foreign society, his heart, untravelling, always has one faithful corner which, almost as powerful as conscience, urges him back to the soil of his country. Feeling this, we have long yearned for home; and old scenes and old friends have been continually in our thoughts and conversation. With these thoughts, of course, was connected the immense world of waters we must pass over before we reach those scenes and friends; and often have we reflected upon the chance of death awaiting us, to strip us of all our possessions, all our hopes, and give us a bed in the ocean. On me, as the time drew near, I felt almost ashamed to admit it, this melancholy thought weighed heavier and heavier, till finally, in my dreams of returning home, I could hear a moaning murmur of the sea, which filled me with more horror than anything I have experienced when awake. No words—I believe no sound of the kind which ever really happened—can describe it, or could produce such a nameless dread in my bosom; and frequently, overwhelmed by the anguish it caused, I have started from my sleep, and though fully awake, as much as I am now—hark! there it is; don't you hear it?" and Mr. Strafford's face turned of an ashy paleness as he paused in his narrative.

"Not I," replied the captain, with wonder. "There is no sound of the kind—nothing but the cheerful rush of the waves."

"Don't you hear it, wife? Don't you, Marcus—Elena?" asked Mr. Strafford, hurriedly.

"I certainly do hear it, but not so plainly as before we left the land," was their reply.

"It was as distinct to me; but now it fades away again. Strange that you, too, cannot hear it," said Mr. Strafford to the captain.

"It is imagination, surely," replied Captain Thurston; "your minds have been so much occupied with apprehensions of danger."

"It is unaccountable!" sighed Mr. Strafford, unconvinced. "But where was I? I was telling you that even when awake as I am now, after starting from my dreams, I have heard it just as plainly; and this, mark you, was on land. More than this, at other times, and in broad day, and when variously engaged, at meals, in social chat, or at play, we have occasionally heard the same mysterious murmur, as if the great ocean had commissioned some warning minister to dissuade us from our voyage."

"But you do not all seem to be equally affected by it," said the captain.

"No," replied Mr. Strafford; "they attribute the phenomenon, as you do, to our dwelling too much on the worst chance which could happen. In truth, I was never superstitious before."

"Rely on it," said the captain, "your fear, if fear it is, of shipwreck, will prove illusive. We shall have a safe voyage, and I shall sit with you at home, and ask if you hear the murmur still!"

"No more hope," said Mrs. Strafford, smiling; "and Richard, you must think me silly!"

"You may be right," returned Mr. Strafford, "and God grant that the dismal sigh we heard echoes only in imagination!"

The captain walked away to his duties, and the conversation of the family reverted to the recollections of their native home.

For some weeks before they left Calcutta a pestilence had swept off many thousands of the natives; though at the time of their embarkation it had mainly disappeared on its westward tour. None of those on board had been affected by it, and it was presumed that the clear air of the ocean would lessen all chance of its presence among them. But the idea was a vain one. Two weeks had not elapsed before the destroyer made himself manifest, and by twos and threes the hardy crew became his victims.

The invisible malady did its appalling work so speedily, that within a week after the first death on board but a dozen of the men were left, save the family of Richard Strafford. The captain still survived, but the fearful havoc among his crew had brought him, by sheer anxiety, to the door of death, while the wan remnant of his late full complement of men went haggardly about their increased labors as if the skeleton Death stood bodily before them, grinning with bony hand to clutch their every instant. All remedies brought with them had failed, and now they put no faith in them; each looked to see his mate sink beneath the next attack, and shuddered for himself.

And yet the sky was fair, and the gale propitious, and the bright sun showered his beams on the laughing sea as gaily as if never a thing had bounded there, as if never a mortal had been borne upon its breast but had been strong with life, and free from sorrow. Yet was in the ship. The very beauty of the scene made desolation more terrible; and as one after another went feet foremost over the flying vessel's side, link after link was torn away from that chain of hope which bound the sad survivors to the thoughts of lengthened life. The great, glassy main closed over them with its voluminous mantle, and the forms of faithful seamen sank to eternal rest.

It was at this time that, standing with the family one day, Captain Thurston remarked, "Mr. Strafford, though I am not yet a believer in anything like a premonition, such as your murmur of the waves, still I fear I shall not live to see the port for which we are bound. The dead who have left us tell the story. Their fate almost convinces me. Even should the plague assail us no more, we are so short-handed that a storm would prove too much for us. I will make for the nearest port, at any rate, and—"

His jaw became convulsed as he spoke, and Mr. Strafford and his son bore him below. The plague-pain was upon him; and while he lay in agony he cried, "I, too, now hear it—distinctly hear it as ever I heard the moaning of a coming hurricane. It is horrible, and yet it cannot be real. The day is fair. And now I hear it louder—it grows dark—and now the roar of breakers. Strafford, Strafford, you were right—I die—but Heaven spare you and my poor men!"

Within a few hours the captain was a corpse; and when the survivors committed his manly figure to the sea, unmitigated despair settled upon every soul. One of the men, who had sailed with him on many a voyage, would have plunged into the waves after him, but was restrained by his mates; yet they might have spared their kindness, for within an hour the pestilence had placed its virulent finger upon his heart, and grief and life went out together.

Day waned, and flushed with a glorious smile the broad blue face of ocean, where now but a few scarce perceptible swells denoted the subsided breeze. Night mounted with her stars, and their calm gaze watched the sleep of the weary world with the same immutable lustre as if affliction formed no part of God's great plan, and all beneath their light were as happy as all beyond it. How their changeless loveliness and eternal round of duty mock the pride of crumbling man! They shone, and our world moved round, and morning streaked the placid waste, and the bereaved ship stood almost still, as if pausing to mourn over those she had left behind. But more were to follow them. Some slumbers of that peaceful night awoke—but there were only four! The family of Straffords emerged from their berths, to find that theirs alone had been the sleep of life. Of the crew who, when they went to rest—

rest it could be called—were warm and breathing men, some they saw lying upon the deck with wild, distorted features, dead, as they had fallen in the still watches of the night, none but brother sufferers to hear their dying groans, or breathe a brief word of sympathetic prayer; while others were found on the cabin floor, where they had rolled in their agony, as if greater space than a berth could afford had been sought by them to give them a better chance to wrestle with death.

"They are all gone!" said Mr. Strafford. "Molina, Marcina, Elena, before we perform, as well as we can, their burial rites, let us talk with God. Kneel, kneel, my loved ones."

The morning light, in all his coursing, never fell upon a holier or more touching spectacle than that family of four presented, as they knelt together in a circle on the deck of the death-ship, feeling every moment that the unseen minister stood ready to strike them, while with folded hands they lifted up their souls to the hearing of their Maker.

Mr. Strafford had just passed the meridian of life, and the gray streaks mingling with the darkness of his hair made more impressive the manly look which beamed from every lineament. He was a man of time and care; his face seemed to symbolize the nobility of that nature which had fought the battle of life with honor, and which, now summoned to resign it, on the very edge of eternity, sent up its last appeal. His wife Molina, the bride of his youth, knelt beside him, even as she had knelt at the altar, and her trailer figure, still comely, and her purely feminine grace of countenance, which had captivated him of old, contrasted strongly yet appropriately with those of her husband, with whom and with her children she now momentarily expected to go before the throne which he addressed. Marcus and Elena, facing them, side by side, blending their looks, the looks of both in each, knelt there, the mournful representatives of man's and woman's estate. Her mother's shining curls were hers, hers more luxuriant; and in her prayerful attitude they dropped upon her brother's folded hands, almost as if they were conscious of the kindest touch, and rested there to listen. And there, death's work around them, the husband and father prayed for the souls of those who had started from port with them, and had reached their final port before them; and then for the living, so strangely spared to die, one family, together. How could death tear so fair a group from life? How could fate doom such a group to death, thus cruelly robbing them of their long cherished hope? They rose from their knees and performed the burial of their unfortunate companions, and now awaited each other's passage, not to a home on earth.

"There is little breeze and no hope," said Mr. Strafford; "but, Marcina, let the ship keep her course before the wind, while we hold communion with our own souls. Are there no ties, my children, which make you unresigned, which make you reluctant to yield your lives to Him who bestowed them? If so, take heed, and be well prepared for the approaching hour. The murmur of the sea forewarned us of it; our utter loneliness here in the midst of the ocean, in this late bustling ship, as plainly tells of its coming; and whether by plague or tempest, it will soon be upon us."

"Father," said his son, "I believe I never feared death, but to tell the truth I do shun it, for Elena and I are young, and both have long looked forward to a union with hearts that love us. The girl I love is at home, and even now I know that she is waiting for the tidings of our arrival. I cannot be reconciled to a death like this, which tears me for ever from my long nourished hopes. And Elena—think of her, and of him who so eagerly awaits her coming."

"Dear father, dear mother," said the daughter, bowing her golden head upon her mother's cherishing heart, while her tears fell fast. "Don't let us think we are to die thus. Some vessel may approach and take us off. We may not die. God will not be so hard with us. Let us not dwell upon death. Let us think of those we would all see at home."

A storm was darkening in the horizon. While the parents and brother in vain attempted to allay the wild anguish of Elena, a black and rising tempest flung its awful wrath upon all before it and beneath it, and scaled the heavens as if to hide from their rebuke the mischief it meditated. Swift as the win of a gale, and driving ahead the deadend of couriers of the wind and hissing waves, on came the spreading monster towards the ship, and the ocean moaned at his unwilling co-operation.

"The murmur of the sea! the murmur of the sea!" said Mr. Strafford. "This is the murmur of the sea we so long have heard—the very sound, the very aspect of the heavens and the waters in my dreams. There is no fantasy about this. Cling closer to me, wife—my children! The hour is come! This is the death-song of the sea!"

They clung together, convinced of their fate. The ship flew, bounded, rushed along. First every sail was set as it had been left by the sailors in the calm of the evening before; and straight before the hurrying storm she fled, dashing the flying waves aside in the giant madness of despair. And still the family clung together. Love was in their hearts, and defied the elements to sunder them. That was human love. But the love of God was with them too. He led the ship. He stayed the waves from washing them away. He raised, He guided, burst the tempest, and He guided it—for the stately ship rode on securely. As sudden as its birth the hurricane expired. The heaving billows in its track still bore the gallant vessel, still held the family alive, secure, and seemed to fawn upon the bulwarks as they kissed them.

When this was seen, hope lit upon the vessel, and chased each lingering doubt away. The half-paralyzed family arose, wondering at their safety, and went in confidence below. Night came, and morning. With morning came a ship. They were rescued; and now the murmur of the sea was recognized as but a premonition of calamity to others, not to themselves. Heaven save them home in safety; and the land of liberty, when it welcomed them back to her happy shores, gave Marcus Strafford the girl whom he adored, and made Elena a bride.

A FRIGHTENED HOOSIER.—Officer Pat Flannerty, of Philadelphia, is fond of a good joke, he never misses an opportunity. A few days since he was sitting on the Walnut street wharf, when a long, lank Hoosier, a deck hand on one of the steamers running to Savannah, passed him, holding in one hand a section of bread, and in the other a huge Bologna sausage. At almost every step he would satisfy the cravings of his appetite with a bite from each of the aforesaid articles. Pat no sooner saw him than he determined upon a joke.

As the Hoosier passed Pat, a rat ran across the sidewalk, at which he wickedly made a kick.

"Leave that rat alone!" yelled Pat, as if angry.

"Leave it alone?" replied the Hoosier, looking at Pat, with his mouth full of Bologna, "what do you want a feller to leave that alone for?"

"Because it belongs to me, and I will not have it abused."

"Belongs to you! What on air do you want to do with rats?"

"Make Bologna sausages with them, sir, and right nice ones they make, too."

The Hoosier waited to hear no more, but throwing his Bologna as far as the strength of his arm would carry it, with an "Absoob! pchth-pchth!" he bawled to the nearest grogery for three cent dram, to, as he expressed it, "take the darned ratty rats out!"

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANS. B. T. is willing to accommodate "H." with a game by correspondence. \*SOLUTIONS of Problems 97, 98 and 99, by P. J. D., correct. Wrong in No. 100. Black, on playing Kt to K B 4 for his first move, quietly moves K to K 3 dia. ch on his second move, and then "takes an airing" around the board at his leisure. We acknowledge a correct solution of Problem 101, by H. L. C., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAW STUDENT, Yale.—Your letter is a stunning specimen of forensic eloquence!—perfectly amazing! Do cultivate law, and let Chess alone! We admire the latitude of your language—your homelike baldness in the bargain. It does not quite near stupidity, that's all. A rigorous application of the following maxim would be very serviceable to your future welfare: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

J. L., Portland.—Will receive due consideration in our next.

ARRANGER.—Sincerely glad to hear from you. Our mutual friends will be sought, and respects presented. Please excuse the postponed examination of your problem until our succeeding number.

DELTA.—Where are the games promised?

W. W. K., St. Louis.—Glad to hear you are improving. Your solutions of Problems 98 and 97 correct. Our space is limited, hence our brevity. Your version of one of our problems, published in this journal when under the management of Mr. Montgomery, is entirely correct. You will receive another of ours by mail, as a challenge.

R. C. REND.—You must have noticed ere this the correctness of Problem 98; a White Pawn on K R 5 is unnecessary. Please forward your own solution of Problem 79.

BISHOP, Little Falls.—Problem 98 is correct. If you play B to Q 5 for Black, White mates by advancing the K Kt P two squares. Procure yourself Staunton's Chess Player's Handbook, price \$1.25. The games played at the Chess Congress will be published in book-form. A specimen of the Chess Monthly will be sent you. Go it for a Chess Club! The assumption of Mr. L. O. Gay, that Black K can capture White Q, which is supported by a Rook, is so unequivocally ridiculous that we can scarcely credit it for one of his pretensions. If he has studied the elements of Chess, he should be straight-laced forthwith.

T. M. BROWN.—We have complied with your wishes. The characters of your handwriting too fine. Please expand. Our thanks for your last, just received. In our next.

W. W. J.—Thanks for your pretty problem, which we are very happy to publish. We thus translate the device given as its title: "Receding to better the leap." N. Marache is the Chess Editor of this journal.

TYRO, Philadelphia.—Notwithstanding his significant or insignificant punctuation (?) attached to Problem 99, we style it a very ingenious one. Tyro should know that, in a problem, Black generally makes the best moves to prolong the mate.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—You are in error; the whole sixteen portraits of the contestants in the Grand Tourney were published in our issue of October 31st. Mr. Leslie made provision only for the above.

F. H. B., Chicago.—Neat; could you, however, add to its difficulty?

WM. BRADLEY, Manchester, Va.—The Chess Player's Handbook (Staunton's) to be procured at Bangs Brothers, Park Row, in this city. We believe that you are correct—it should be printed B.

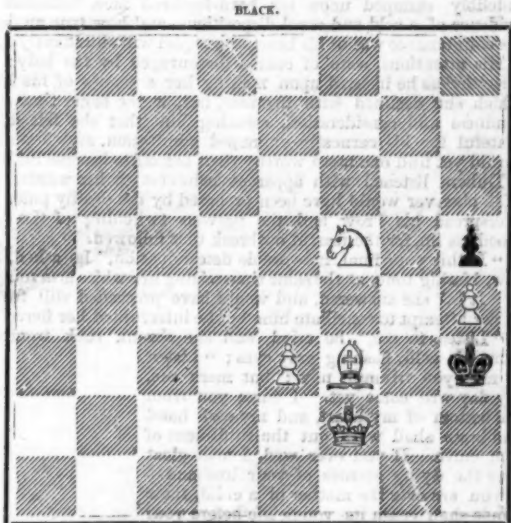
J. ELSOM.—Very pretty two-move enigma, yet not sufficiently difficult to be diagrammed. We will refer that matter to the Editors of the Chess Monthly.

INCOGNITO.—Thanks to your perseverance. We accept it for a future number. We desire to encourage all lovers of the noble game. Your suggestions answered in our next.

P. J. D., Hoboken.—If you send us a correct position of your problem, we will guarantee to give you its six-move solution. Not having the original diagram at hand, we cannot play Q to K 6, for in this last version of it she now stands on Q R 3. Is it not K R 3 instead?

J. H. M.—Thanks for the two problems, which will receive due consideration in our next. The book of the National Chess Congress will not be published until spring. Mr. Stanley does not edit any Chess paper.

PROBLEM CII.—By W. W. J. ("Recluer pour mieux Sauter.") White to play and mate in four moves.



GAME CII.—(ALLIANCE GAMBIT.)—Between Messrs. ANDERSEN and KIPPING, at the Manchester Chess Meeting. (From the Illustrated London News.)

WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. K.	WHITE. Mr. A.	BLACK. Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	13 Q to Q 3	Q Kt to Q 2
2 P to K B 3	P to K 4	14 Kt to Q B 8	P to Q B 4
3 Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 5	15 Kt to K 2	Q B to K B 2
4 P to K R 4	P to K R 4	16 K R to K B 2	Q B to K Kt 3
5 Kt to K 5	P to K R 4	17 Q R to K B sq	Q Kt to K B 3
6 B to Q B 4	R to K R 2	18 P to Q B 3	B to K P
7 B to P (ch)	R to K 3	19 Q to K 3	P to Q B P
8 Kt to R 4	Kt to K 4	20 B to K 5	Q to Q 4
9 P to Q 4	P to Q 3	21 Q to K Kt 5 (ch)	K to K R 2
10 B to P	K B to K 2	22 Kt to Q B 3 (a)	Q to Q B 3
11 Castles	K to K 2	23 B to K 4	B to K B
12 P to K Kt 3	Q to K 3	24 R to B and Black resigns.	

NOTES TO GAME CII.

(a) In this little affair Mr. Andersen for once seems animated with a touch of his old power. He begins the attack with vigor, brings all his force to bear upon the point of contact without a moment's loss of time, and then finishes off his opponent in a way to show that nothing was more easy than winning when he set his mind on it.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R to K Kt 7 (ch)	K to R 3 or (a)
2 R to Kt 4	anything.
3 Q to P mate.	
(a)	K to B 3
1 ———	K to B 4
2 Q to Q R (ch)	
3 Q to K B mate.	

If Black plays K to R 4 for his first move, White the P and mates on the second move.

A PIECE OF INGENUITY.—We were shown, the other day, a remarkable piece of work, the result of much patience and perseverance. It consisted of a glass bottle, the height of which was only one foot, and in which were constructed several reels of wood, having on them three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven beads, one hundred and twenty yards of silk, and eight china images; altogether this curious bottle contained three thousand six hundred and eighty-eight pieces, so joined and framed that they filled the bottle and had all been put together through the neck. But the crowning work was the stopper, from which four pieces projected in the form of a cross, so that it could not be withdrawn, and the question with us was, how was it got in? This bottle is the work of F. A. Fabvier, of New York, and is well worthy the attention of the connoisseur and curious.



FAMILY PASTIME.

RIDDLE.

On the eastern bank of the Tigris lies  
A city that once was famed  
For splendor and riches, and merchandise,  
When the mighty caliphs reigned.  
It's a marvelous place for artists, they say,  
Or their tombs—its much the same;  
And the poets they come from far away  
To visit the shrines of Fame!

Reckless the prophet lies buried here,  
And many a saint, they tell,  
With many a sinner of note, I fear,  
And Arab robber as well.  
And now we'll suppose you're travelling there,  
And close to the city's gate;  
Why should you resemble a tiresome chap,  
Whose story I'll now relate?  
This precious young brick at nothing would stick,  
A fully strong in the back;  
To his daddy, dear me, threaten'd that he  
Would shove the old boy in a sack!

ENIGMA.

Since Diogenes' time I'm the best habitation  
That was ever contrived by a civilized nation,  
Yet through regions so distant no mortal e'er strolls,  
For I visit all nations between the two poles.

HISTORICAL CHARADE.

When anger fierce mankind doth move  
A deed of blood to dare,  
And break the Christian bonds of love,  
My first is over there.

And, reader, when of weighty lead  
A ton you next shall buy,  
Be sure, although you see him not,  
My next's before your eye.

On Naseby Hill the banners flew,  
The spear-points gleam'd around,  
My whole in arms against his king  
In rebel ranks was found.

Yet vainly did his banners fly,  
His spear-points gleam'd in vain,  
For, captured by hot Rupert's charge,  
He wore the captive's chain.

REBUS.

I'd bet that every schoolboy  
On earth my whole enjoys,  
And when he gets in trouble  
His service he employs;  
Young kittens also shoo' me,  
Where'er they skip and dance;  
The noble steed displays me,  
As he doth proudly prance;  
Now just decapitate me,  
And you will bring to light  
That which in time of battle  
Is foremost in the fight;  
And now with care curtail me,  
You shortly will behold  
That which is daily sought for  
By young as well as old;  
Again my tail take from me,  
And when 'tis quite effaced,  
I'll tell you what I once did  
When I was in great haste;  
Behooved, I'm of service  
To authors one and all;  
Curtail me, and I'm useful,  
Although I'm very small.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. A cistern can be filled in two hours by a pipe, A, and emptied in 80 minutes by another pipe, B; after A has been opened 80 minutes, B is opened for 48 minutes, when A is closed, and B remains open 20 minutes longer, and now there are 52 gallons in the cistern. How much would it contain when full?

2. Three chickens and one duck sold for as much as two geese; and one chicken, two ducks and three geese were sold together for 12s. 6d. What was the price of each?

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME—NO. 98.

PURPLE: Ship; lips. ENIGMA: Post.  
CHARADES: 1. Advice. 2. Love-letter. REBUS: Mary.  
1. It would require 1,515 leaves to equal the thickness of a sheet of paper.  
2. The depth of the lake was 5 feet 7 1/2 inches.  
3. The lead should be 1470 of an inch thick.

The following agree with all: Veritas—Mathews—D. S. D.  
—Bas—Rawsterne—Justice—Thompson—Cutter—Sowden  
—Jesard (nearly)—Skudder—Travers.

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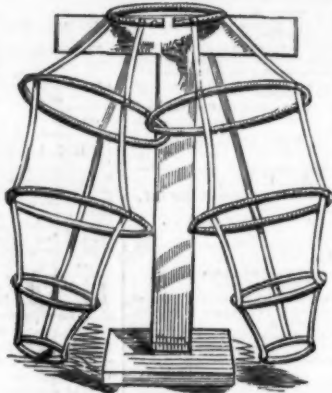




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